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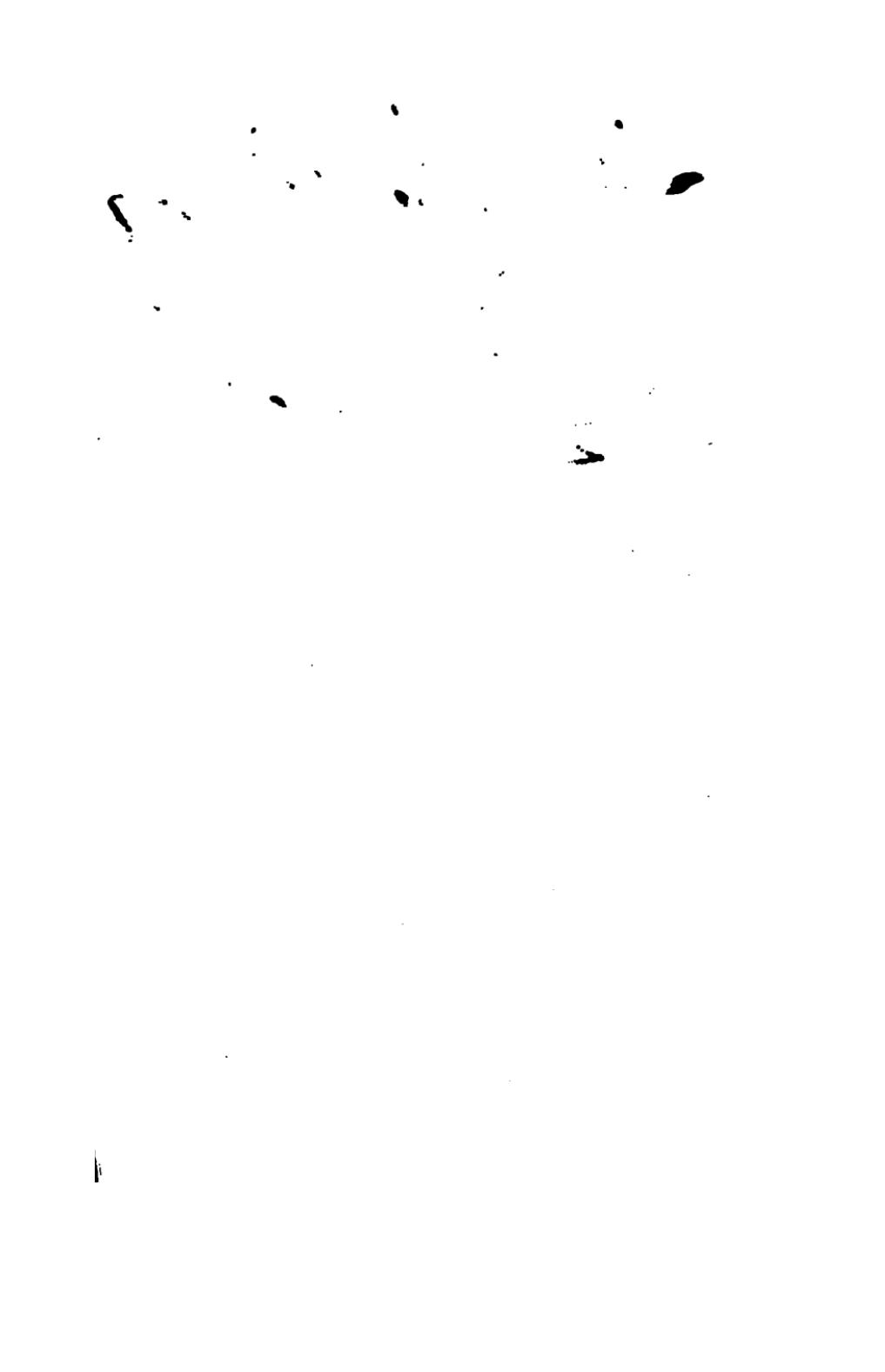


To John Algar
from the
Author

MEN AND THINGS;

or,

SHORT ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.



MEN AND THINGS;

OR,

SHORT ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

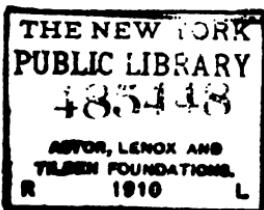
INCLUDING

F R E E T R A D E .

BY

JAMES L. BAKER.

BOSTON :
CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET,
1858.



Entered according to Act of Congress, in the:
JAMES L. BAKER,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District

BOSTON:
HENRY W. DUTTON AND SON, PRIN
38 and 35 Congress Street.

P R E F A C E .

ABOUT one half of these short Essays have appeared during the last few years in one of our daily papers. I have found in writing them some little relief from severe domestic affliction, and have sought employment for leisure hours in preparing them for publication, in the hope that if they did not instruct, they might help to while away some leisure hours of the reader. I can hardly claim for them more than that they may contain some suggestions fitted to excite reflection and investigation on the part of the reader, or furnish a few texts from which others may preach sermons. In the articles on Free Trade, I have included two published in 1855, and of these I have only to say that I have seen nothing to change the opinions then expressed, but everything to strengthen and confirm them.

J. L. B.

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THE EDITOR.

THE Editor is the autocrat of the press, the ruler of sovereigns. His authority dates back to the reign of William and Mary, at the close of the seventeenth century, and has been steadily increasing ever since, until it has become as boundless as that of Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte. The latter owed his ruin as much to the editorial pen, as to the sword of Wellington. In this country, especially, the editorial rule is supreme. The newspaper makes and unmakes presidents, senators, governors, representatives, mayors, aldermen, and common councilmen. We rely on the editor to inform us how we shall think, how we shall act, and how we shall vote. We seek the daily journal as we do our daily food, and could almost as well lose one as the other. Newspapers have become necessities of life, and in them we live, move, and have our being.

Few kings, however, are so poorly accommodated, as regards the external trappings of royalty, as the sovereign rulers of the sovereign people. They are attended by no guards of honor, no gentlemen of the

bedchamber. They are arrayed in no gorgeous apparel, nor do they, as a general rule, dine sumptuously every day. They seldom appear drawn by six horses, with lacqueys and footmen in attendance. On the contrary, they are often found in garrets, and in apartments not exceeding in size seven feet by nine. The audience chamber, instead of costly mirrors and splendid draperies, contains often hardly more than one or two broken chairs, papers scattered in all directions, old pamphlets, a dictionary, and a few books reposing amidst a long accumulation of cobwebs and dust. Strange quarters, indeed, for those who exercise regal power, who say to us, do this, and we do it, vote for this man or that man, and straightway we do as we are commanded.

The king editorial is satisfied, however, to relinquish the external show of power, that he may enjoy more of the reality. He is willing to give up to presidents and governors the form of which he enjoys the substance. He knows very well that we never like to see them joined in the same persons; that those whom we clothe with purple and fine linen and set up in the high places of the land, are rather servants than rulers, whom it is our privilege to insult and abuse in proportion to the height we have elevated them above ourselves. They, like ourselves, find their masters in the little seven-by-nine sanctum sanctorum, which, until quite recently, could only be

found by climbing innumerable stairs, through dark passages, at the risk of life or limb, but which is now in many cases found nearer the earth, at the expense, it may be, of some of that awe and reverence with which we have always regarded those inaccessible and dangerous heights whence issue an omnipresent but invisible power.

What would have been thought, when the patriarch and prince of editors founded the Galaxy or the Courier, of such trim offices as are occupied by some of the present dynasty? The times change and we change with them. Revolutions come and establish one government on the ruins of another; kings and emperors of to-day become fugitives and beggars of tomorrow. The favorite of the people loses his popularity, and retires amidst the hooting and execration of those who but yesterday threw up their hats and raised a "universal shout" when he did but appear. The editorial throne, however, is subject to no such revolutions. It stands firm as the everlasting hills. Its power is not to be shaken but increased by political convulsions, and is never so great as when people are running about to hear or to tell some new thing. Against this, however, it is vain for us to talk of rebellion; submission and obedience is all that is left for us.

The editor is conscious of his position, and hence it is that, like other kings, he always uses the plural

“we,” when speaking of himself. It is not the custom, however, for us to address him with the title of “Your Highness,” or “Your Majesty.”

Let these mighty monarchs of the press be careful that they do not abuse their absolute rule, and become overbearing and despotic. Let them remember to temper justice with mercy, and endeavor to govern their subjects with moderation and wisdom. They hold in their hands a great trust; let them be fully aware of the responsibility which attends it. When they select our nominal rulers, let them give us the best men, those most distinguished for capacity, integrity and experience, such as will command our respect, rather than awaken our contempt. Let them not in their strength despise us in our weakness. Let them not lead us astray, but endeavor to keep us in the straight path, in which we should go, to instruct, to improve and enlighten, as well as guide and govern us.

THE PRESS.

If the press is indispensable to the cause of learning and the dissemination of knowledge it is also of almost equal importance to the Merchant as a means of advertising his wares and making himself known to those who are in want of them. The system of advertising has grown each year in popular favor until it is now the order of the day. No business man feels that he can do without it,—while some regarding it as the one thing needful, spend thousands every year, spreading a list of their goods over the pages of every newspaper from Maine to California. You may take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; yet even there Oak Hall stares you in the face in flaming capitals, with its endless catalogue of coats, vests, pants, &c. &c.

Some branches of trade may be said to be built on advertising. Witness the sarsaparilla of old Dr. Townsend and young Dr. Townsend, Brandreth's pills, Wistar's balsam, the balm which contains the quintessence of only a thousand flowers, and Indian medicines innumerable. The wonderful qualities of all

these could be made known only through the press. Of this great branch of business advertising is the grand motive power, the life of the trade. It is fortunate if it is not the death of those who buy as well as the life of those who sell.

Barnum, the prince of humbugs, as he is called, was among the first to discover the wonderful virtue of advertising. The mermaid and woolly horse testify to its miraculous power. Archimedes said, give me whereon to rest my lever and I can raise the world. Some shrewd calculators of our day have come to the conclusion that given a sufficient amount spent in advertising, the result is sure and a fortune certain. One of the most notable instances of this species of success is to be found in the New York Ledger. When its proprietor commenced by filling column after column of the daily newspapers with the most startling announcements of the unheard of attractions of the Ledger and its original stories, the very conductors of the press, to whom he was paying such enormous sums, thought him insane, and well they might, but the result has proved that there was a method in his madness. No paper in the Union circulates so many thousand copies as the Ledger, the whole based upon advertising.

The ancient description of eloquence is, firstly, action; secondly, action; and thirdly, action. In some branches of business, at least, the grand requisite for

success may be considered firstly, advertising; secondly, advertising; thirdly, advertising. This is a secret no longer confined to the few, but known and practised by the many.

But the press has higher uses in trade than to advertise quack medicines or impossible monsters. Not only the New York Ledger but the legitimate ledger find its advantage in the liberal use of advertising, which is now reduced to system, and has its separate agencies in all our large cities. Its use is not considered beneath the dignity of some of the learned professions, while the Drama, the Opera, and all public amusements depend on it for their success. The clergyman is about the only exception to the great advertising rule. Marriage and death are quite sure to find him, while sermons are not yet considered proper subjects of public announcement. Still we occasionally see a notice that the Rev. Mr. —— will preach tomorrow at —— Chapel or at —— Church. Among the Romans it was considered beneath the dignity of a lawyer to name a price for his services. The “quidam honorarium,” or gift, was considered the proper reward for professional assistance or advice. Now, lawyers not only charge their fees but advertise for business. The physician, also, announces the place where he may be found. Newspapers puff and advertise themselves. Everybody advertises. All seek to augment their gains through the agency of the

press, a mighty engine, that sends its messengers into every region and into every family.

We have considered the press only in its lowest form of usefulness. It aims to amuse, to improve and to instruct as well as to increase our business and our wealth. The circulation of newspapers is more extensive and their influence greater in proportion to the existence of political freedom, and nowhere, therefore, so omnipotent as with ourselves. Here the press guides and moulds public sentiment on questions of politics, morals and religion to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of the world. Here every man can read, every man is a voter, and every man takes a newspaper, to which, next to his Bible, he looks for counsel and to be instructed in his religious or political duties. This is true of no other portion of the world, and suggests most forcibly the tremendous responsibility that rests upon the daily or weekly press. In France the press is fettered, and to millions the newspaper is unknown; in England the press is free, and to millions it is also unknown; with us the press is not only free, but newspapers are universal, and to be found in every log hut in the land. Here the influence of the press, for good or for evil, is incalculable and without limit. It is useful or dangerous in proportion as it addresses the conscience, reason and common sense of the great mass of readers, or as it appeals to their prejudices, their passions,

their self-love, or the love of power. It is a mighty and all-pervading presence, like the sun, to give out light and heat, or, in the absence of genial rains, to wither and burn up all vegetation and every green thing.

The press of this country is too often controlled by those who seek from it only a living, or regard it only as a profitable investment. Hence it sometimes seeks not so much to guide and instruct public sentiment, as to make itself popular, and of course to reflect the opinions or the prejudices of the day, whatever they may be. Instead of holding up a higher standard, it brings itself at once down to the standard of its readers and patrons. To be profitable it must be popular, and to be popular it must flatter the prejudices and passions of those who support it. It must trim its sails to catch the popular breeze, no matter from what quarter it blows, and whether it brings healing on its wings or pestilence and death. The press thus becomes not a guide, but a mere follower and echo of the fashion of the day. This description, it is to be hoped, will apply to no very large portion of American journalism, since, if such were the case, our daily press would be our daily reproach. The press holds in its hand our destiny as a nation, while it helps to mould the character and destiny of every individual member of the community. It has a great mission to perform, and one which involves the highest responsi-

bility. Its influence for good or for evil is unbounded, and as one or the other predominates, so shall we continue a prosperous and happy people, or fall a prey to dissension, unbridled passion, anarchy and disunion.

RAILROADS.

No invention has ever effected such a wonderful revolution in human affairs as that of the Railroad. Time and distance are annihilated. We no longer travel, but fly, to our journey's end. Travelling, indeed, in its old signification, is no longer known. Packed snugly in the old stage-coach, we found a merry circle, enjoying, to the highest degree, the excitement of their novel position. Sallies of wit and merriment, jokes, old and new, filled up the time between the stopping places. We had ample leisure and opportunity to view and enjoy the country as we passed through it, and which we came to see. We could look out upon the hills and the valleys, the rivers and the lakes, as we jogged slowly by them, and have time to drink in the charms of Nature that lay about us. The tavern where we stopped at night was the scene of new enjoyment; the perils and mishaps of the day were recounted; we had time to look round the village, and take a peep at its inhabitants, refresh ourselves with a good supper,

and return to rest with the pleasant anticipation of new delights and new adventures on the morrow.

This *was* travelling; and such it was when a journey to Niagara Falls occupied about two weeks. Instead of being transported at once to that sublime and awful scene, we had a fortnight to enjoy the anticipation of it, as well as the various episodes and adventures of the journey. We enjoyed the country and ourselves as we went along, and the grand sight that burst upon us at the end of it, all the more from its having been discussed, imagined, and in our fancy compared with the grand and beautiful scenery we had passed through. All this is gone by. One day brings us breathless and covered with dust to Saratoga, and two to Niagara. We may have caught a glance of a lake or a mountain, but before we can take a second look they are gone and lost to our sight. We no longer travel, but start at one place and alight in another. No time is allowed us to stop and breathe awhile. Steam waits for no man. The cars are ready, the whistle blows, and off we go again, the last morsel of a hasty lunch sticking in our throats, and our cup of coffee left behind for want of time to drink it.

What we have lost in the *poetry* of travelling has been made up to us in many ways. The facilities of intercourse bring us near to our distant friends, and a day only separates us instead of weeks. If sickness

comes, we are at their side in an instant. The telegraph brings us news from them in a few minutes, and in an hour we join them. We hardly realize what changes in our social condition are wrought by the telegraph and railroad,—changes in our modes of thought, of feeling, and of action. These modifications are gradual and imperceptible, but they are moulding us into something very different from what we were of old. Society is no longer what it was. Distant cities have become neighbors; a few minutes bring us intelligence of them, and we are separated from them only by a few hours. New neighbors, new associations, new ideas, and new habits, come from the discovery of Morse and of Fulton, the importance of which, on the character and destiny of the race, it has hardly entered into our imaginations to conceive. We correspond by lightning, and ride, as it were, upon the wings of the wind. The results of this mighty revolution we no more dream of than did the Puritans, who landed at Plymouth, of the empire they were founding.

The results of these great discoveries, which are most obvious and most clearly comprehended, are those which relate to the circulation and development of natural wealth. Its effect upon our social condition we can but feebly realize; but the impetus given to trade, in all its branches, we can see and feel, however inadequate may be our conceptions of

future growth, however unable we may be to predict the accelerated ratio of accumulation and progress. The Western farmer has now a market for his corn, which before was hardly worth gathering and stowing in his barn. The great West springs up like Minerva, all armed, from the head of Jupiter; the great Valley of the Mississippi, capable of supporting its hundreds of millions, is brought into immediate contact with the Atlantic seaports. The emigrant is whirled to the land flowing with milk and honey, in the twinkling of an eye, and the product of his first year's labor is sold in Boston or New York, which it reaches in a day or two from the farm.

What may we not expect from such wonderful results? The railroad has carried the world forward centuries at a bound. The life of man, in his experience of change and improvement, is lengthened from threescore and ten to three or four hundred. Are we alive to the fact of this wonderful extension of human life? Through the telegraph, steamboat and railroad, we live five years in one. In five years we witness results that our grandfathers could not hope to see in twenty or in fifty. Is not the span of life, which is but a daily experience, most wonderfully lengthened out in our favored day? The sensations and emotions of three hundred years are comprehended within the limit of fourscore. We live, then, three hundred, instead of eighty years.

Such are the results of steam, and such are some of its compensations for the awful and sudden destruction of hundreds, whom it sometimes sends unwarned and unprepared into a common grave among shattered cars, or beneath the waves of the Atlantic or the St. Lawrence.

A new country, like our own, just springing into life,—its virgin soil teeming with wealth, which waits only for the hand of labor and the means of transportation ; its mountains filled with iron, copper and gold,—must derive the most direct and immediate benefit from railroads. The old and more exhausted nations of Europe are fully alive, however, to the magic effects of steam. England is covered with a network of iron roads, and France is following hard upon the same track. Russia is connecting her wide-spread territory with iron bands, thus concentrating and making available her immense military establishment, as well as developing her great agricultural resources. Italy, even, has her railroads, and the steam whistle sounds the herald trumpet of a new era amidst the ruins of ancient Rome.

The railroad goes everywhere—over mountains and through mountains, across lake and river, and even through the air, mocking the everlasting Falls of Niagara with the triumph of invention and of genius. We may congratulate ourselves that we have lived in such a wonderful period of the world's

history, and witnessed all the miracles of telegraphs, steamboats and railroads—that our lives have been thus extended far beyond the allotted span, even to that of the patriarchs of old.

THE SHIP.

IN all ages and in all climes the Ship has been the object of interest and of wonder. No invention of man has so conduced to the great ends of human brotherhood as that which enables him to traverse the ocean, steering first by the stars, as Palinurus of old, and afterwards by compass, quadrant and the chronometer, by means of which our modern clippers traverse the wide expanse of the ocean with as much certainty as a journey is performed on land. But, although science has removed so many of the perils of navigation, the "dangers of the sea" are still the dread and terror of insurance offices. No human science or invention has been able to overcome the war of elements, and to say to the stormy waves, "Peace, be still." The ocean still demands its annual victims, and laughs to scorn all the precautions of man to secure safety on its great highway. Notwithstanding all our improvements and inventions, the confidence and daring of the present race of navigators is by no means superior to that of those who first crossed the Atlantic in the days of Queen Eliza-

beth in pursuit of a new passage to India, or of new and golden lands in the far West. More than two hundred years ago, Sir Humphrey Gilbert perished in the Squirrel, a vessel of about ten tons, on his homeward voyage to England. Few sailors of the present day would care to tempt the Atlantic in a vessel of such capacity as the Squirrel.

Science had added much to the safety of navigation, but the hardy and adventurous spirit of the true sailor was never more conspicuous than when the science of navigation was in its infancy, and the polar star was the only guide of the mariner in the wide and dreary expanse of the ocean. We marvel at the difference between a California clipper of the present day and the Mayflower, that landed her precious cargo at Plymouth two hundred and thirty-seven years ago, and laid there the foundation of an empire; but we are thus the more forcibly reminded of the courage and adventurous spirit which in that rude age could venture forth, with none of the means and appliances of modern science, upon a stormy and unknown sea, with no charts to guide and no pilot to direct them on their arrival upon a desolate and stormy coast. They braved the ocean as fearlessly as any clipper leaves Boston armed with all the securities which two centuries of science and invention have accumulated, to render the voyage secure and safe. They relied not so much on the power of man

as on that of an overruling and ever-present Providence to guide and direct their course, and preserve them from the dangers which surrounded them. They arrived in safety, and anchored in the most stormy and dangerous season, on the most dangerous coast that sailors are ever compelled to encounter.

The descendants of such a race of men, as might be expected, have been distinguished as a commercial and ship-loving race. Who of those that wielded the axe and framed the timbers of the Mayflower could have dreamed that she was to be the promise of a new world, and to give rise to a mercantile nation that would send its ships into every corner of the habitable globe? She was launched with no other interest than attends the launching of any ordinary vessel into its native element; but how wonderful was her destiny, and how unlooked-for and unimagined by those who helped to knock away the blocks, and who bestowed upon her the name of a flower, known to us as that first flower of spring, and found only in the vicinity of Plymouth, where she landed her cargo of Pilgrims!

A ship under sail is a most poetical object. It excites the imagination in the highest degree, resembling, as it does, the bird with outstretched wings flying across the ocean, and winging its way by some instinct of nature to its destined port. But we know that man is there, and that he guides and directs its

course. He trims his sails to the fanning breeze, he tacks and makes the adverse winds subservient to his purpose. His vessel rises and falls with the waves, and walks the water "like a thing of life." The little helm guides all her movements. To this she is obedient as the horse to the bit. She knoweth her owner's voice, and sails in obedience to his commands. But if by some magic hand we could transfer ourselves, and step on board of the ship, we should realize how much "distance lends enchantment to the view." We should soon be relieved of our poetical fancy, by close contact with sailors' oaths, rough boards, bilge water and sea sickness. We should then look out of the ship, and not at it. We should envy those whose good fortune it was to tread the solid earth and enjoy its manifold blessings. We find ourselves cooped up in a prison, which soon becomes irksome and intolerable. We wonder that we should ever have looked with so much interest and delight upon an object so full of everything which disgusts and annoys us. Such is life. We envy always that which we do not possess. As Horace tells us, on land we wish ourselves at sea, and at sea we wish ourselves on land. Everything is delightful but our own condition. True happiness is in the mind itself, and neither the prose nor the poetry of ships or of the ocean, of rivers or mountains, can supply the want of that contentment which is satisfied with the con-

dition that Providence has assigned, and which seeks happiness in the fulfilment of life's duties as they arise. "Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

We change the scene, but not ourselves, when we run across the sea and seek forgetfulness in foreign lands.

THE SHIPMASTER.

“Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking hills and lessening sands,
While zephyr gently blows.”

It has been well said of our city of Boston, that “she sitteth very gloriously in the midst of the sea, enriching the kings of the earth with the multitude of her riches and her merchandise.” She can boast of her merchant princes, as honorable and as munificent as the world has ever afforded, from the days of ancient Tyre and Sidon to the illustrious merchant of Florence, who founded the celebrated house of Medici, and from which descended Lorenzo the magnificent and Leo the Tenth. Those who have gone “down to the sea in ships, and done business on the great waters,” have been those who have by their intelligence and energy amassed some of the largest fortunes which our city can boast. The American shipmaster has always been something more than a good navigator and sailor. His ambition has been to

be also a good merchant. A social rank has been accorded to him far above that which belongs to those engaged in the same employment in England and other nations of modern Europe. He has sprung often from our most respectable families, and, led by the spirit of enterprise and adventure, fascinated by the romance of the sea, and ambitious to acquire competence and wealth, he has sought every land and every sea, not as elsewhere in the pursuit of a particular profession, but with the ambition to become himself the owner and director of other ships, that he may occupy at home the position to which his enterprise and his wealth entitle him.

The American youth, born within the sound of the "ever sounding sea," takes to the water as naturally as the duck seeks its congenial element. He has listened in rapt attention and delight to the stories of his father, his uncles, or his brothers, of their adventurous lives and hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field. He longs to follow in their steps, as did Young Norval to "follow in the field some warlike lord," and heaven soon grants him what his sire denies—he takes the matter into his own hands, runs away, ships before the mast, from which humble position he rises through all the grades to the honorable position of captain and owner. How wonderful is the attraction of the sea ! Of all objects in nature it is the most poetical, and most allures the imagination.

It is the truest image of sublimity. From its vast extent, its unknown depths, its ceaseless motion, its purity, its placid face when no breeze ruffles its surface, and its terror when lashed to fury by the storm, "boundless, endless, and sublime," it has a hold upon the human mind such as belongs to no other scenery, whether of river, cataract or mountain. The earth remaining always the same, the ocean is ever changing, ever new; it rolls with ceaseless murmur, charming and soothing our senses with its melody, or in a moment its waves dash over us in the wildest fury, and threaten to engulf us in its unfathomable depths. The most beautiful description of natural objects of which we are acquainted, comes from that truest child of genius, in his description of the ocean.

The lines are familiar, but, like the ocean itself, they are ever new, fresh and sparkling, and will endure as long as "the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves : "

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne like thy bubbles onward ; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror ; 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here."

To this influence the New England mind seems peculiarly fitted to respond. We love the ocean and all that belongs to it. We associate with it the industry, energy and daring of those we love, and whose life has been spent in traversing its wide and fearful waste, and some of whom have found their graves in its dread abyss. The ocean is our neighbor. We look upon it daily and admire its changes, its ebbing and flowing tides. We see it bearing on its bosom the fleets of commerce and of war, and descending to float its only unpoetical visitor, but most useful servant of man, the steamboat, that puffs its way from shore to shore with most sacrilegious defiance of Neptune and all his winds. We can hardly wonder that he sometimes takes signal vengeance on this attempt of man by his inventions to invade and subjugate his domain, to divert it of its rightful owner, to destroy its inheritance of poetry and romance, and reduce it to the dead level of the earth, with its telegraphs and its railroads. The

poetry of the sea, as well as of the land, may seem likely to yield to the utilitarian spirit; but Niagara Falls are yet left to us, and the Mississippi, and, more than all, the ocean, which remains the same, pure and undefiled by all the contaminations of steam and smoke, or any of the inventions which man has sought out.

The love of the sea, that natural inheritance of those who have been born upon its shores, has created a wonderful influence upon New England habits and character. It has called forth and developed the highest qualities of freedom, energy, skill, perseverance and courage, which distinguish our people, and which have nowhere been more fostered and called into requisition than in that profession to which so many of our distinguished sons have been educated. The sea, if it does not make men learned and scientific, educates its pupils to be generous, open-hearted, intelligent, benevolent, conservative, and just. It educates them to be good members of society, and ready to contribute their wealth to all that adorns and cultivates, as well as to what ameliorates and improves the conditions of their fellow-men. Of this truth no city can furnish more ample evidence than our own city of Boston. The wealth brought from the Northwest coast, from China, from Hindostan, from the Isles of the Pacific and the shores of Europe, flows in full and steady streams to enrich colleges,

to endow hospitals, to build schoolhouses, to erect churches, to found asylums for the blind and homes for the sailor, to patronize the arts of painting, sculpture and music ; in short, to make our city in fact, as it has long been in name, the Athens of America.

THE STEAMBOAT.

If the triumphs of steam have been great on the land, changing the business habits and social relations of the world, it has effected a revolution equally wonderful in the affairs of commerce and the domains of the sea. Who, among the most sanguine, could have imagined that the little boat, making its first trip four miles an hour on the waters of the Hudson, was to be the precursor of those floating palaces that now ascend that beautiful river at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per hour. It is the first step that costs. When the idea is struck out by the inspiration of genius and its truth demonstrated, then science steps in and mechanical invention, to improve and perfect the means of turning the new discovery to the highest use. The whole matter was contained in Fulton's boat. The whole secret of applying the expansive force of steam, as a motive power to machinery, was there, but the means of applying this new agent have been improved, multiplied and perfected, until hardly a resemblance remains between Fulton's engine and

the splendid machinery that now propels our first class boats and ocean steamers.

As the railroad has done away with all the poetry of travel, so the steamboat has well nigh destroyed the romance of the sea. Its monotony becomes tedious. The voyage is no longer varied and relieved by the alternation of calms and fresh breezes. The steamer goes just so many miles an hour, whether the wind blows high or blows low. The quiet of a sea voyage, at times so delightful and so consonant with the scene around us, is no longer known. Our ears are never for a moment at rest from the noise of the engine, which all day and all night shakes the vessel with its perpetual revolutions and eternal jar. Nor have we any longer the delightful uncertainty of the future, which gives scope to the imagination, excites our hopes, and keeps alive the interest of a sea voyage. We know exactly when we shall arrive, and may calculate exactly how many revolutions will be required to bring us into port. All the chance of adventure, of good or bad luck, the uncertainty of winds, the dead calm that tries our patience, and the fresh breeze that raises our spirits and our anticipations, are gone forever. All is reduced to the dead level of certainty and calculation. The ocean itself has lost half its charms, and becomes but a sort of highway, over which, as over a turnpike, are rolling the wheels of innumerable steamers, with their freights of pas-

sengers, merchandise, or the dread implements of war.

As in the case of railroads, we are compensated for this loss—in part, at least—by the speed and safety of the voyage. We are brought to our journey's end in a few days instead of weeks,—no slight blessing to those who suffer by sickness or other privations and annoyances of a sea voyage, or to those who are

— “bent

To see how money can be made, not spent;”

who bring sample cards in their poekets, or who hurry over to make the earliest selections in foreign markets. A few days and all is over. The wheels cease to revolve, a startling sense of quiet comes over us as the engine stops its thundering sound at last, and we find ourselves stepping out upon dry land, three thousand miles from home, surrounded by strange sights, new scenes, and new faces.

The steamer affects the social relations of the world as the railroad does those of a state or community. Nations are brought nearer to each other, understand each other better, and, in consequence, have fewer misunderstandings. Much is gained for the cause of peace and national brotherhood. Steam is your true pacifier. It makes of one family all the nations of the world, and its shrill whistle announces peace on earth, good will to man.

There is another view, however, in which steam

suberves the cause of peace. It reduces to a matter of calculation and of mathematics the uncertainties of war. All improvements in the art of war have the effect to avert and to lessen its horrors, by making it more an object to be dreaded, and by bringing it to a more speedy termination. The Minie rifle, the Paixhan gun and the steam all work to the same end. Steam has revolutionized the whole science of naval warfare. Naval battles are to be decided hereafter, not by tactics and seamanship, weather-gaging, backing, filling, or club-hauling of the olden times, but by superior weight of metal and skill in gunnery. The weather-gage has lost its consequence, and the sailor is turned into a gunner or marine. His glory is departed, and exists only in song. Nelsons are no longer possible. The whole art of naval warfare is changed, and reduced to a matter of dollars and cents. The heaviest battery must prevail, since steam puts both parties on an equality as regards seamanship. The wind, which has decided so many battles, has no longer anything to do with the matter, and skilful manœuvres are superseded by the skilful use of heavy guns.

In long voyages sailing vessels are still necessary, for want of capacity for coal; but we may anticipate the time when a remedy will be found for this difficulty, and steamers supersede entirely the old-fashioned ships of the line, frigates, and sloops of war.

Propellers, too, are constantly gaining on our mercantile marine. The certainty and shortness of the voyage makes up for the increased expense of steam. Propellers, while they have usually less speed than side-wheel steamers, have more capacity for freight, from the situation and diminished bulk of their engines. They have been introduced by an enterprising firm in Boston, whose example, it is hoped, will be followed, until we have lines to all our Southern cities. Boston needs all her energy, enterprise and wealth to keep from falling behind the great centre, New York. We need all our domestic business and all the foreign trade we can command. We ought not to be outdone in mechanical skill, and obliged to go South to purchase our steamboats. We should build our own boats and for our neighbors also. If we can build the best ships, we can also build the best steamboats.

The triumphs of steam are by no means confined to steamboats and railroads. Steam is doing the work of human hands as well as transporting us by sea and by land. Steam weaves our cloth, manufactures our machinery, prepares the materials for our houses, and makes the carpets and furniture we put into them; grinds our grain, helps make our shoes, hats and clothes, and prints our newspapers. Hardly a month passes in which it is not applied to some new and useful purpose. We can only be sure that we

shall never eat, drink, sleep, walk and think by steam. The animal functions seem secure—all the rest is uncertain. Nature asserts her rights, and we can neither be born nor die by steam, and yet both birth and death are relieved by another subtle and invisible gas, which we call ether. Steam is the wonder and glory of our age. It is destined to accomplish results of which we can as yet hardly dream. It is now but an infant in its mother's arms. What are we to expect when it grows to man's estate, and attains a vigorous old age ?

THE JEW.

THE Jew has an old and perpetual claim upon the attention of all engaged in trade. He is the personification of trade, whether in old clothes, jewelry, merchandise, or stocks. His race, hated, despised, and persecuted for nearly two thousand years, robbed, plundered, and subjected to every species of ignominy and insult, still remains the same identical people that cried out in the olden time, "crucify him." Since that time the cry has been, "crucify *them*," "crucify *them*." Through all these centuries they have wandered over the earth, hanging upon the skirts of society, but denied all its privileges, while they have preserved in the most wonderful manner their national features, traits and character. Within the last century, this prejudice against the Jews has been mitigated, and they are no longer considered fair game for robbery as in the days of Shylock. Some of the most distinguished of modern artists, diplomatists and statesmen have been Jews, or of Jewish descent. Europe acknowledges in her literature, as well as her finance, that the Jew is part and

parcel of the human family. Still his occupation is mainly now as of old, making money. He is the great money-lender of the world. The Rothschilds are the arbiters of peace and of war; they control the destinies of principalities and powers. They make and unmake kings, holding within their purse-strings the sinews of war, controlling and directing the affairs of nations and of empires.

Nothing is more curious than the history of this wonderful people. How is it that such a mere fragment of a nation should have preserved its identity through so many centuries? Why have they not been swallowed up and lost in the innumerable hosts and nations with which they have been brought in contact? How is it that the love of money should have become so absorbing a passion, and continued undiminished for so many ages? From the advent of our Saviour to the present day, the Jew has been the receiver of usurious interest. Whence comes this prevailing love of gain, this distinguishing trait in the Jewish character? Apart from what is inherent and constitutional, or dependent on phrenological development, we may find an answer in the universal hatred and aversion of the Christian world, which has shut him out from all the avenues that lead to political or social advancement; refused to mix or intermarry with his despised race, and compelled him to concentrate all his faculties on the only pursuits in

which they could be exercised. Gold gave him power over his enemies, and consoled him in his social isolation. Mutual hatred and contempt prevented intermarriage, and kept his blood pure from generation to generation. The very wealth, however, which he has accumulated, has exposed him to the rapacity of his enemies, and added tenfold to the bitter persecution of his race, by tempting the cupidity of those who believed they were doing God service by stripping him of his gold to be used in the cause of the church or the state, or to defray the expense of some holy crusade against the infidel.

Shylock, when he demanded the pound of flesh forfeited by Antonio, was enabled to feed fat the ancient grudge he bore against his Christian persecutors: This feeling of hate, and love of retaliation for the innumerable and unutterable wrongs he has endured, he could gratify in one way at least. He could prey upon their necessities and misfortunes by demanding exorbitant sums for the use of his money. Wealth has given him power. The love of accumulation has grown with the love of revenge, and both have been transmitted from father to son, until the one has become an uneradicable trait of his character, while, as the other has yielded to the progress of a true civilization, he has become the object of more respect and regard in an enlightened and Christian community. The Jew has always been an isolated being

since the days of Abraham. When under the law of Moses he excluded himself, and would allow no intercourse with any foreign people ; he belonged to the peculiar people of God, set apart for some great purpose in the designs of Jehovah. The Messiah was to come for him and exalt the temporal glory of his nation. He guarded his peculiar laws and religion with the utmost jealousy, lest they should be contaminated by contact with the surrounding idolatrous nations. Thus ages before as well as ages since the birth of Christ, the Jew has lived alone, distinct and separate from all the world.

Why should Shylock have had mercy on those who had shown no mercy to him or his tribe ? who “ spit on him on Wednesday last,” and then called on him to be merciful ? Well might he exclaim, “ Why should the Jew be merciful ? ” They called him “ dog,” and yet claimed of him the exercise of a Christian virtue. The Christian had been educated, by the Founder of his religion, to “ do unto others as you would have others do unto you.” The Jew had been educated to regard these as the words of an imposter. He believed in the God of his fathers—not in the Redeemer of the Christian. His Christ was to come, and to exalt him over all the nations of the earth. Why should the Jew be merciful to those who had plundered, persecuted, tortured, and executed his race for nearly two thousand years ? In

Shakspeare's day, when the Jew was a viper or a worm to be trodden in the dust, all the sympathy of readers and play-goers was naturally with Antonio. To-day, in spite of the fascination of genius, our sympathy turns to Shylock, the hated and despised Jew. Judging by his own standard of justice, he felt that he had a right to demand the pound of flesh. "It was so nominated in the bond," and why should his reviler and persecutor, the Christian Antonio, call on him to be merciful?

However much we may admire the humane judgment of Portia, we cannot forget the history of Jewish wrongs. More pounds of Jewish flesh have been sacrificed on the altar of religious bigotry and intolerance than would have weighed down as many Antonios as could stand "between here and the Rialto."

The Jew still believes himself to be of "the chosen people of God." He still looks for the Messiah that is to bring back and unite the children of Israel in their original seats, the home of their race. His tribe is scattered over the whole earth, but is to be again united and become the master instead of being the servant of the world. If anything can render plausible such a belief, it is the miraculous preservation of the identity of the race through so many years of violence, revolution and change. We can hardly resist the impression that such a race must be preserved for some great end, or it must have been

obliterated from the world ages ago. Of no other people can it be said that they existed a distinct race for more than eighteen hundred years without a nation and without a home. Sojourners always in a strange land, they are the identical race that once peopled the land of Abraham, Isaac and of Jacob. To that land their eyes have always turned, and there they hope some day to see their name and their fame exalted above all the nations of the earth.

THE MERCHANT.

In all ages and in all countries the Merchant has borne a conspicuous part in whatever tends to the civilization and refinement of man. His office is not so much to create wealth as to accumulate and to circulate it. He stands between the farmer and the operative who produce it, and those who consume and enjoy it. Without him there could be no exchange of commodities. He joins the east to the west and the north to the south. Through his hands pass the silks and teas of China, the coffee of Mocha, and the sugar of Cuba, to those who take them in exchange for the cotton and grain of America, or the fabrics of England and France. He is the middle man, who stands between the producer and the consumer. He holds the scales and determines what belongs to the one or to the other. He is the great mediator between those who sell and those who buy. In him the manufacturers meet the consumers of their products, and agree upon terms of exchange. His position is one of great importance and responsibility. Without him there can be no accumulation

of wealth, and when wealth is not accumulated man remains in an uncivilized and barbarous condition. The profession of merchandise or trade is that which distinguishes and separates the civilized man from the savage, and opens the door for the cultivation of all the moral and intellectual qualities that belong to our common nature.

The culture of science and philosophy, of medicine, of law, and of theology, the institutions of charity, of religion, as well as of the fine arts, of sculpture, of painting, and of music, are all dependent upon the accumulation of wealth. Of this accumulation the merchant is the indispensable agent. He thus builds churches and colleges, supports lawyers and physicians, erects statues, patronizes the painter and the architect, endows hospitals, erects schoolhouses, supports the press, is the patron of literature, and his wealth contributes in a thousand ways to ameliorate, to adorn, to cultivate and to improve the society of which he is a member. He may be said to hold the key which unlocks the doors of civilization. It is through him that we enter in and find there all the rich treasures of science and of art, of genius and of learning, of morality and religion, and of charity that never fails. Too much consequence, therefore, can hardly be attached to the office of the merchant. On him the social structure rests as the imposing monument rests on its foundation. He forms the base and

substance on which is raised the beautiful fabric of a moral and refined, a learned and polished society.

Few cities furnish better proof of what we have said in behalf of the mercantile profession than Boston. How readily the names of Perkins, of Appleton, and of Lawrence occur to us. The everlasting monument of Bunker Hill, as well as the enduring monument to Warren, are due to the merchants of Boston. The Asylum of the Blind is the work of a Boston merchant. Harvard College owes some of its largest debts to Boston merchants. Our churches and our hospitals are supported by those who have grown rich in the trade of merchandise, which they have pursued not only with diligence, but with the strictest honor and integrity. If mercantile pursuits do not require or exhibit the highest intellectual qualities, it is to be remembered that they furnish the means and opportunities for the exhibition of those qualities in others. Where would have been found a field for a Webster or a Choate, but in a mercantile and wealthy community? Where could the refinement and eloquence of Channing have been exhibited, or the learning of Story, but among merchants, ready and willing to pour out their wealth, as the reward of learning and of genius? Who but Boston merchants have supported and encouraged our venerable Father Taylor to dispense the word of life to the hitherto neglected and

forgotten sailor, and provided a Sailors' Home to an outcast and despised portion of the human family?

Those who accumulate if they do not create wealth should understand their true position and importance in the social economy. The pride of wealth merely as such is most vulgar, and unworthy of an honorable mind; but the uses and importance of wealth, the means which it affords its possessor of contributing to the development of the mental faculties, as well as to the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men, should never be overlooked or undervalued. Wealth is a means, and the highest means, but not an end. It is the source of all good, but may be perverted to the source of all evil, at least to the possessor of it. The miser is the most unfortunate and wretched of mankind; and one of the greatest evils befalling the accumulation of property, is the liability, too common, of falling into an insane love of that which it has been the object of life to acquire. It is by no means uncommon for some of our richest men not only to hold on to their wealth with the most tenacious grasp while they live, but to suffer all the horrors of anticipated poverty during the last days of their existence. The love of accumulation, so necessary in itself, becomes oftentimes insanity, and the victim of riches dies poorer than the poorest beggar that begs from door to door.

Such, however, were not the men I have alluded to, and who have merited the title of a Boston merchant, respected and honored throughout the world. They delighted to give of their abundance, while they could see the happy influence of their charity. They wished to be in part their own executors, and to enjoy the satisfaction of dispensing a portion of their wealth to advance the intellectual improvement or alleviate the suffering of their fellow-men. How unselfish, how noble and worthy of all imitation was the conduct of those men, who, by a long life of industry, had acquired the means of thus contributing to advance the highest interests of the community in which they had lived and labored. What an example do they present to those who succeed them. Be diligent in your calling, they seem to say, and accumulate wealth if it be your good fortune to do so; but remember that you hold it in trust for the good not only of your own family; but of the community in which you live, and which has enabled you to acquire it. The name and fame of such men should be ever dear to those engaged in the same pursuits, and who claim the honorable distinction of Boston merchants.



THE CLERK.

THE Clerk is the merchant in embryo. His position seems an humble and his occupation a thankless one. Drudgery, from early morning till late at night, is his hard destiny. Yet in a few years, if he can but realize it, he is to take his master's place, who, in ordinary chances of trade, will have passed off the stage of business, possibly with a fortune or a competency, but probably through the broad gates of chancery, or, it may be, to occupy the narrow house provided for all the living. One generation of merchants succeeds another as waves follow each other to the shore, break and disappear forever. Few clerks, when they take their place at the desk with all the feelings of consequence that attend the change from a school boy to a young gentleman, are at all aware that, out of every hundred merchants, there are not more than three or four who do not go through bankruptcy or die poor. They little dream, with the vision of wealth and splendor floating before their eyes, of the kind of lottery in which they are engaged, and that their chance for a prize is but about one in thirty.

It is well that they should remain in so blissful a state of ignorance, and that their hopes are not damped or their energies diminished by a full realization of the chances of failure. They may be sure that industry, integrity, activity, prudence and economy are the most certain passports to success, and that where these are present, failure can be no disgrace. It is better that the future should be tinged with the rainbow hues of hope, such as belong to the bright but fleeting season of youth, than that the dark coming of future events should cast their shadows before. Trouble, care and bitter experience come fast enough without being anticipated. It is the buoyancy and confidence of youth that lays up strength to bear the trials and disappointments of age. It is wisely ordained that youth should look only on the bright side of the future, while he presses on, eager and ambitious of distinction or of wealth. He feels, as he should, that his chance is at least as good as that of others, and if failure awaits him in after-life, he will, as years roll over him, have acquired the strength and the philosophy to bear up under his misfortunes with a manly fortitude.

The clerk who has a taste for literature and a desire for improvement, should make himself acquainted with the essays of that true child of genius, the chosen companion of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Charles Lamb. One of the blue-coat boys, a charity

scholar at Christ's Hospital, he became afterwards a clerk in the service of the East India Company, and passed his life amongst figures, price currents, journals and ledgers. His evenings were devoted to the pursuits of literature, and the Essays of Elia will be read with new and increasing delight while the language endures in which they were written. In rich and overflowing humor, a rare and genial humanity, grace and beauty of style, harmless wit, a true spirit of benevolence, and tender regard for human weakness and frailty, the essays of the clerk in the East India house are not surpassed by any similar production of modern literature. They show that the flowers of learning and of poetry can be gathered in the counting-house as well as among the "lakes." We have also a similar example even among the banks of State Street, the home and chosen seat of Mammon.

By the liberality of his employers, Charles Lamb was finally enabled to retire on a small pension, which barely sufficed for his limited wants and the comfort of a beloved sister, the victim of misfortune and the object of his tender solicitude. The visit with this sister to the theatre, when they were both but children, the description of the South Sea House, Mackery End, and Christ's Hospital, are among the most charming of his essays, and should be read by every clerk who would cultivate his taste for litera-

ture, and know what has been done by one of his own calling, who never aspired to the dignity and danger which attended the superior position of his employers; who was content to remain as he began,—a clerk,—with no ambition but to shine in the quiet walks of literature and the society of genius kindred to his own.

The clerk of the present day is, in many respects, more fortunate than the clerk of the olden time. He is not called on to perform the drudgery and menial service that was once expected of him. Mercantile libraries are of modern date, as well as Saturday afternoon holidays. He is no longer an apprentice, but stays or goes as may suit his humor or his interest.

Such is the rapid growth of business in this new country, and such are its constant changes, that with us the clerk of to-day is the merchant of to-morrow. We have not seen him for a year. He has grown and almost outgrown our remembrance of him. We inquire about his employers. He informs us, with a visible air of self-satisfaction, that he has set up for himself. He is not of age, to be sure, but then he had a good chance to go into business, and thought he had better embrace it. He is doing first rate. He means, by-and-by, to enlarge his establishment, and show them how the thing can be done up in good shape. He means to go ahead and no mistake. It

will be fortunate for him if there is no mistake, and if no hard times or pressure in the money market compel him to stop payment and compromise with his creditors for fifty cents on a dollar, and all before he has arrived at the age of legal majority.

We begin early, and so become early accustomed to the reverses of business. In England it is difficult to recover from a single failure. Here men fail several times in the course of their lives, and come out oftentimes with a competency, if not wealth, at last. We are not, as in Europe, confined to the particular pursuit in which we were bred, and unable, if we fail in that, to turn our hands to something else. If one ladder fails us, we step at once upon another, and still keep climbing up. Our motto is, "never to say die." If we fail in one thing we try another, and so on until we find something we can do, or, in the more transcendental language of the day, until we find our "mission." Thus the clerk in the grocery or dry goods establishment finds himself oftentimes engaging in half a dozen different kinds of business before he is thirty years old. As a people, we are remarkable for versatility of genius, far beyond what is known in the land of our origin and other European nations. The Englishman can do one thing well and nothing else, whether it is to make the head or sharpen the point of a pin. The American turns his hands to almost anything,—in-

vents new machines for saving labor, learns a trade in three months, deserts it, becomes a merchant, sends ships to India and Australia, or turns manufacturer and builds factories and machine shops. Failing in trade, he studies law, medicine or divinity, fortunate if he learns at last the design of that Providence which called him into existence, and

— “shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

THE NEWS BOY.

THE News Boy is the youngest of our merchants. He trades on a small capital, which, according to the most approved method, he turns over often. A single day suffices to dispose of his whole stock in trade. A quick ninepence he deems better than a slow shilling. He knows none of the evils of the credit system, for his transactions are all on the cash principle. He carries his goods under his arm, and does his own advertising by word of mouth. He pays no one for puffing his wares. He is troubled with no rents to pay, and keeps his own accounts. "Here's the extra Herald, all about the Dalton divorce case;" "Here's the Daily Times, all about the riot in New York;" "Here's the Bee, Weekly Despatch and Evening Gazette;" "Here's the Journal, last edition, all about the murder last night." The news boy deals in murders, suicides, great fires, railroad accidents, steamboat explosions, and horrible catastrophes generally. He thrives on the misfortunes of others. It is an ill wind, he thinks, that blows no good to any one. A riot or a terrible accident is a god-send to him. He.

lives on the morbid love of excitement, and a relish too common in the community for all the details of misfortune and human suffering.

We have heard of the old lady who sent for the physician to know what was the matter with her. On inquiry for her symptoms, she informed him that she thought something must be wrong with her, and one reason was, that she could not enjoy her murders as well as she had done.

*“As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, we suppose them true.”*

He informs us that there is always something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us. It is on this unworthy sentiment and a prurient curiosity to read the details of vice and crime that the news boy relies mainly for his support. Himself the child of poverty, misery and crime, his first lesson in the world is to trade in the misfortunes and crimes of others. A fresh murder brings money to his purse. He delights in “extras,” for they contain something not known before. Unable to read himself, he quickly learns from others the dreadful news they contain, and with jubilant voice trumpets his paper at every corner. The shrill note of earliest childhood, all unconscious of its dreadful tidings, is the messenger from which we learn that a whole ship-load of human beings have sunk in a moment into the sea, and hundreds of hearts are made desolate forever.

We naturally inquire what is to be the result of such an education on these children of want and misery, driven into the streets to earn a few coppers that may save a mother or sister from starving, or it may be to supply the father and mother both with the means of daily intoxication. Dealing in murders and the details of vice before they know the meaning of one or the other, surrounded by vicious companions and every corrupting influence, what must be the result of these early impressions? To deal with poverty and vice is, of all things, the most difficult. They belong necessarily and inherently to every large city, and the more populous, wealthy, refined and luxurious it becomes, the greater is the number of its criminals and its paupers, and the more difficult becomes the great problem of poverty and vice. A great city has been termed a great sore. This is true, as it is also true that extremes of wealth and poverty must always be found together. Our experience in this country gives us as yet no conception of the wretchedness, filth and crime of a large portion of the population of London, the great centre of wealth, refinement and luxury. It is a singular fact, that the highest state of human cultivation must be accompanied with the lowest forms of degradation. Yet such is the great law, and we have no reason to believe that this law will ever be abrogated or repealed.

We must meet the evils of poverty and vice as they

arise, and deal with them as best we may. We can hope to alleviate but never to cure them, until we change the nature and passions of man. Poverty is a fixed fact as much as wealth. They go together, and we destroy the one only by destroying the other. What shall be done with these children of want, thus turned loose to be educated in a school of vice—these news boys who infest our streets, pursuing a trade demoralizing to others as well as themselves? What can be expected of such an education, but a crop of thieves, pickpockets and murderers? A great question is thus presented to our municipal authorities, and one which they have, no doubt, well considered. One thing seems certain: that in dealing with poverty and vice, especial attention should be directed to children. If the parents cannot be reformed, let the children, as far as possible, be saved. A wealthy community can support an institution on a large scale, where the children of the destitute can be received and educated, and parents can be required to give up the care of those they are unable to provide for, except by turning them loose into the streets to earn a few coppers by the ruin of their morals. To carry out such a scheme without undue interference with parental authority and affection, and without an encouragement to idleness, and without diminishing the stimulus to exertion on the part of parents, is no doubt a difficult matter.

Still, with an efficient police to inquire into the condition of every family, it would seem as if something might be done to save these children from being educated for the State Prison and the gallows, from pursuing an occupation of all others the most demoralizing and dangerous. The city may prohibit this traffic at any moment, and may provide for the boys if their parents are unable to support them and willing to give them up. The expense of supporting one or two thousand boys and girls would be a small tax on a community like our own, and it would be refunded three if not ten fold to those who paid it. The noblest charity is that which rescues the young from the vice and temptations of poverty. The parents we can do but little with; for the children we may do much. We can dispense with our extra Herald, Despatch and Daily Times, with all their murders and horrible accidents, and do so gladly if we can thereby save these boys from a trade so demoralizing and so likely to turn the venders into the heroes of crime, and to make them in after-life figure in their own "extras" all about the great robbery, daring burglary, bold thefts, disgraceful riots, incendiary attempts, forgery, assassination, manslaughter and murders.

A M U S E M E N T S .

THE merchant, the trader, the mechanic, and all who inhabit a crowded city require to be amused. The heavy load of business, with its anxious cares, its sales to make, and its notes to pay, must be at times thrown off, and the mind relaxed and diverted from its daily channel of thought and exertion. We are made not only to labor, but to laugh and be merry. The bow snaps by too great tension ; so the mind loses its vigor and elasticity by too absorbing interest in the pursuit of wealth. When a man, by force of habit, degenerates into a mere business machine, a machine for making money, he is no longer a man. He has taken his place among the cog-wheels that keep the machinery in motion. He becomes like steam, a mere motive power, to produce a certain result. Such a man is a most pitiable object. He falls far below the level of the day laborer in the open field, who, though unconsciously it may be, drinks in the influence of natural objects by which he is surrounded, the sun, the rain, the dew, and the flowers. The city drudge who condemns himself to unceasing,

unvaried toil in the same unending round, day after day and week after week, becomes like the horse in a treadmill ; he is always moving, but never changes his place. His various faculties wither for want of food and nourishment. He loses the power of enjoyment, because he can never stop to enjoy himself. He is in haste to be rich, and so sets himself to work to destroy the capacity of deriving pleasure or benefit from his riches.

As a nation, we are sadly in want of amusement. Our holidays come too seldom ; so seldom, indeed, that when they do come, we are at a loss how to use them, and feel relieved when they are over. They break in upon our business. The banks, insurance offices, and brokers' board are closed. The ledger and journal are at rest—trade suffers, and we miss the daily routine of business. We find amusement the hardest work we have ever undertaken. We feel as much out of our element as a fish out of water, and hail the returning sun that sends us back to our counting room or work bench, the store or the shop. All this is wrong, because it exalts business and the getting of gain into the only worthy pursuit of life. Man is made for labor, but also for something higher and better. He is not a machine, useful only as it turns out a certain amount of work, but a living soul with affections to be cultivated, tastes to be gratified, capacities for enjoyment to be developed. He has

mirth, wit and humor, which require occasional exercise and gratification. He has an intellect to be improved and expanded, as well as a heart to be purified and made better, by intercourse with his fellows away from the narrow walks and cares of traffic. He needs to learn that trade is not the sole end and aim of human existence, however useful and necessary it may be, but to regard it as a means rather than as an end to interest and engage our faculties, but not to absorb and finally destroy them.

We are sometimes led to inquire if we are not becoming every year a mere selfish and unsocial people, more and more absorbed in ourselves and our money-getting pursuits ; more eager in pursuit of wealth and more ambitious to outshine our neighbors ; less given to hospitality, and losing our relish for amusements in the engrossing cares of business. How does it happen that we have abolished our Election holidays, our Commencements, and almost our Fourth of July, which is given up for the most part to fire-crackers and the boys. Thanksgiving is going out of date, and Fast day becoming almost our only day of amusement. Our holiday sports, games and greetings are gone by. We become citizen soldiers or run with a machine, but have lost taste for the old fashioned holidays and festivals, when we used to forget the shop and enjoy ourselves and our neighbors. The world grows utilitarian. We have all prose and no poetry.

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy ; it also makes John a dull, sour, morose and selfish man. Men are but children of a larger growth, and require amusement and relaxation from the corroding cares of life. Instead of giving up our holidays, we should multiply them and learn to enjoy them. We should have more Election days, more Thanksgivings, more Commencements, and with as many Fast days as we can improve in the true meaning and spirit of the day.

Dr. Bellows of New York has made a noble and manly appeal for the theatre, as a place where the mind is improved and instructed, the imagination pleased and excited, the love of beauty gratified, and the heart made better by witnessing the triumphs of virtue and the punishment of vice. The attractions of the stage are various and legitimate. It has held its place from the earliest ages, and from its peculiar adaptation to the wants of our nature must ever continue to instruct, and, what is of even more importance, to amuse our leisure hours. The stage reflects the tastes and manners of the people. If it is given up to those of low and depraved tastes, it will be itself depraved and corrupting. If it is patronized by the moral and religious part of the community, it loses its grossness and adapts itself to the standard of those from whom it derives its support. Dr. Bellows observes, in his admirable " address to the players,"

that (as he is informed,) there is nothing heard at the Boston theatre that would give offence in a private drawing room. This is saying much for Boston and for the worthy conductor of that establishment. The theatre is to be encouraged as our best, because most attractive, place of amusement. No inducement is needed with us to labor; our great danger is, that we shall labor too much. Innocent amusement is what we most need, and best preserves us from the excitement of vicious pleasures. Nature asserts her rights and seeks relaxation in sensualism and vice, when denied the opportunity of pure and innocent amusement. To purify our public amusements, to increase the number of our holidays, to loosen the hold of selfish pursuits, and to multiply the means of social intercourse and social enjoyment, is the duty of those who would best promote the welfare and happiness of this hard-working and money-getting age.

THE SAILOR.

THE Sailor is but a child of larger growth. To him alone, as if to compensate him for his hard and dangerous life, it is given to flourish in perpetual youth. Nature is full of compensations, and she never fails to make amends for all the seeming hardships of our earthly lot.

“ Ye gentlemen of England, who sit at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas ! ”

But the gentlemen of England grow old and care-worn, while the sailor is allowed to remain in that golden state of boyhood to which we look back with so much longing and regret. Could we but renew our youth, we should, as we think, be happy; but the sailor is always young. He has drank of those fabled waters that have power to renovate and renew; to throw off the old man with his deeds and bring back the laughing and happy days of childhood. Though many years have passed over his head, he has not grown old, but remains in a happy state of ignorance, free from all the follies and unhappiness of wisdom. He has follies enough, to be sure, of his

own,—but they are the follies of youth, not of age. If he sins, it is not against the light, but for want of it; and the recording angel, as of Uncle Toby's oath, drops a tear upon the record and blots it out forever.

This perpetual youth is the natural result of the sailor's occupation. He belongs to no country or clime. His home is upon the ocean. He knows nothing of society or of man, except as he finds it within the walls of his ship. He has no lessons of experience but those taught him by the winds and the waves. He is far removed from the fraud and deceit with which the world is filled, and which makes the heart distrustful and callous, and causes it to grow old. He retains the confiding nature of youth, because he lives apart from those influences that check and destroy it. He is the son of the ocean, itself ever fresh and young. No worldly and cankering care intrudes itself into the domain of the sea. No haste to be rich, no ambition of distinction, no rivalry or jealousies disturb the even tenor of the sailor's life. He does battle with the tempest and the storm, but is not troubled and perplexed by the chicanery and arts of wicked men. Thus he retains the primitive simplicity and trustfulness of his nature, of which his occasional short visits on shore, where the "harpies of the land pluck the eagles of the sea," fail to deprive him. He lives in a world by

himself, and neither knows nor cares for the fraud and violence, the cunning and deceit of those in whose society he has neither lot nor part, but as the principal agent to supply their wants and gratify their tastes for the luxuries of foreign lands. The ship is his castle, and in that are bounded all his hopes and all his ambition. He intrigues for no office, nor files his mind in the eager pursuit of wealth. When his watch is out he turns in, and dreams not of rivals in preferment, or of notes unpaid, but of his childhood's home, and the affection which watched over his infancy and which follows him through all his wanderings. He hopes, if his life is spared, to cast anchor at last on his native shore, and to find some "snug harbor" where, his toils and dangers o'er, he can rest his weary bones, and die in peace. Such hope is seldom realized. His noble ship is too often his coffin,—the sea which has been his home closes over him, and he sinks

"Into its bubbling depths without a groan,
Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

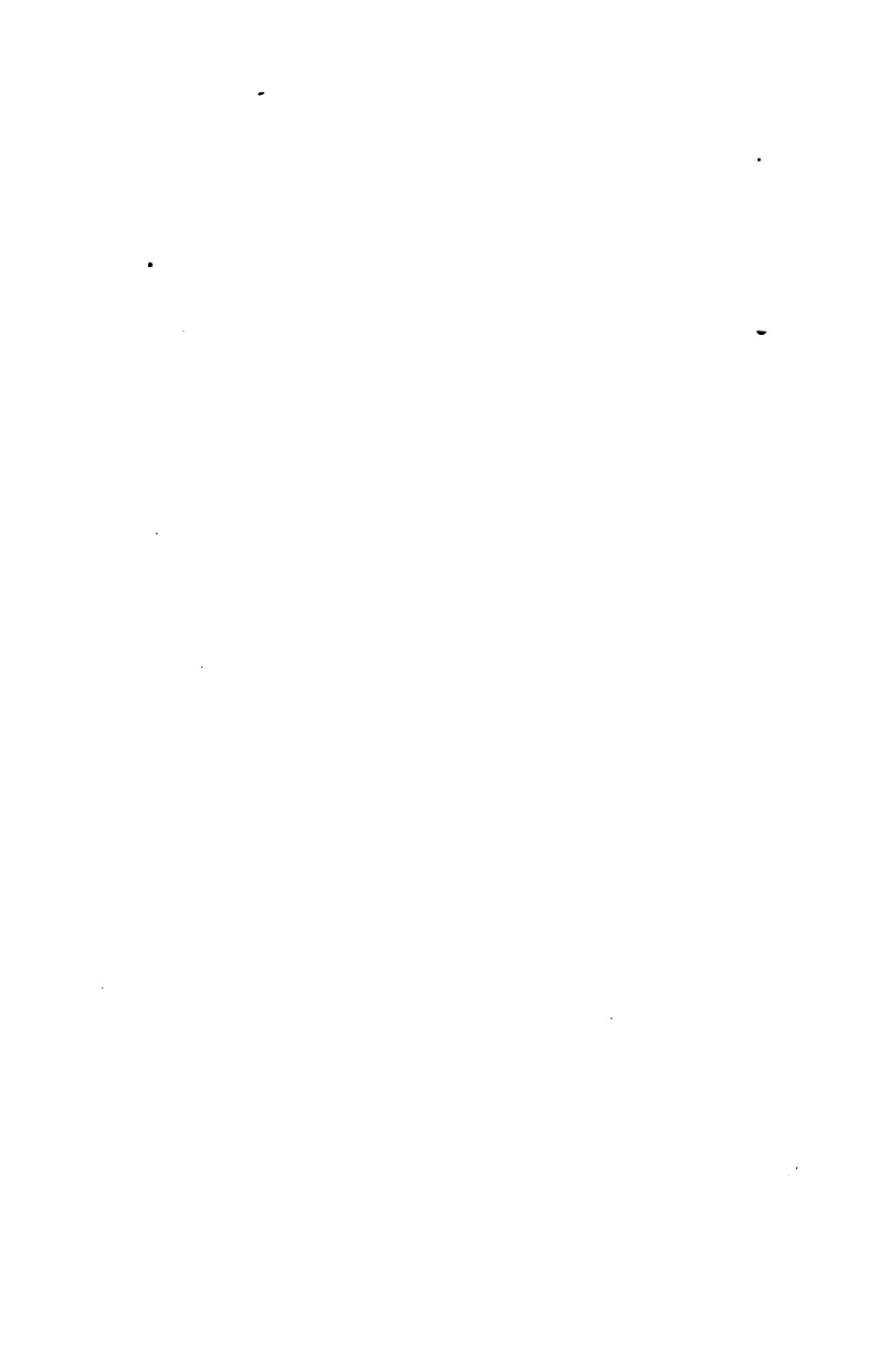
Such is the life of the sailor. It has its rewards as well as its hardships, its compensations as well as its trials. If he is thoughtless and reckless, ignorant and unsophisticated in the ways of the world, he is also generous and brave. His vices are those of a noble nature, and not of a mean and depraved one. His failings are those of heedless youth, and not of

hoary-headed villainy. If he is a child in knowledge, he is also a child in wickedness. He cheats no man, though so often cheated and defrauded himself. He is the prey of vultures, but it seldom enters his heart to prey upon his fellow-men. He wears no smooth face at church on Sunday, that he may more effectually calumniate or cheat his neighbor on Monday. If he is without religion, he is also without deceit. If his virtues are few, his vices are by no means the most disgraceful. He is ranked as an outcast among men, but in the great day of account he may be considered worthy to stand "before princes, and not among mean men."

Such, at least, is the sailor, left to the natural influences of his peculiar and isolated life, and such he is often found now, notwithstanding that foreigners of all nations are every year more mixed up in the forecastle, and the sailors more and more corrupted in consequence.

If commerce is the great civilizer of man, bringing us the science, literature and luxury of foreign lands, we should not forget that we owe all these to the despised and neglected sailor. His life is sacrificed for the benefit of a society in which he has no share. He braves all the fury of the elements, that we may quietly enjoy the fruits of his labors. He clings to the "high and giddy mast," amid the sleet and bitter cold of winter, his vessel driving before the storm

upon a rock-bound shore, while we are sitting quietly by our firesides, little dreaming of the fate that awaits him, when the ship strikes and all on board are hurried into a watery grave. It is fit that we should sometimes turn from the busy and all-engrossing cares of life, to think of those who suffer and labor for us, but are not of us, whose life and character are equally anomalous, while they administer in a thousand ways to all that conduces to the welfare and happiness of man.



THE FISHERMAN.

No small part of the food that delights the palate, while it supports the life of man, is derived from the sea. That hardy race of men who draw from the ocean its scaly inhabitants, that they may administer to our wants and our pleasures, are closely connected with commercial pursuits, and deserve our especial consideration. Who could dispense with those luxuries that come to us in the shape of fresh codfish, mackerel, halibut, bass, blackfish, perch, flounders, eels, lobsters and oysters? They are rather necessities than luxuries, and, when cured and salted, furnish the table on the weekly fish day, or, sent to the South, constitute an important article of food to the slave. In the seasons of Lent, and all fast days of the church, fish are indispensable, and become a part of our religion. The Pilgrims must all have perished the first winter, but for the clams and fish obtained from the sea. In another way, also, they owed their preservation, more indirectly to be sure, to the fisherman's trade. The Banks of Newfoundland were crowded with French and English fishermen

long before the *Mayflower* left Holland. Among these fishermen were learned the words by which Samoset greeted the arrival of the Pilgrims on the inhospitable and frozen shore, "Welcome, Englishmen!" But for this welcome they might have been swept away by hostile tribes, if not by starvation and the inclemency of winter.

There is much that is exciting, and therefore attractive, in the fisherman's life. He shares with the amateur the excitement of the sport, but he feels that his living, as well as his credit, depends on his success. He realizes little of the poetry, but all the hardships of his pursuit. He knows nothing of champagne or sherry to wash down his chowder or fry, but is confined to coarse and simple fare, surrounded by most ancient and fish-like odors. What the more favored of fortune pursue as a pastime, is to him the business of life. He looks at the fish as he pulls him over the side, not with the sportsman's eye, but as one who has to pay for his "great generals" and "little generals," and has a family to support. A "glorious nibble" may satisfy the amateur fisherman for a day's work, but not so with the professional man, whose daily bread is dependent on his success. To toil all day and catch no fish is to him not a matter of disappointment only, but of meat and drink, food and clothing.

Massachusetts is the fisherman's home, and is

deeply concerned in his success. The shores of Cape Cod and Cape Ann are lined with dories and smacks, which bring codfish from the Banks and mackerel from Bay Chaleur, while an innumerable fleet of oystermen and small craft bring oysters from the Chesapeake, and fresh fish and lobsters from the waters of the Bay. Since the introduction of railroads, fresh fish are carried hundreds of miles into the interior, where such luxuries were formerly unknown; and, by the aid of ice, those who inhabit the great valley of the Mississippi, where the smell of the salt sea is never borne upon the east wind, may enjoy their fresh fish, lobsters and oysters. Such are the revolutions of steam, and thus it contributes to the profits of the fisherman, and the comforts of the Western farmer, mechanic and merchant.

The fisherman's trade is not only an old, but a sacred one. The companions and disciples of our Saviour were the humble fishermen of Galilee. Here was witnessed the miraculous draught of fishes, and here, among those who gained a precarious living out of the sea, arose the new dispensation, or Christian religion. In one of those wonderful creations of art,—the cartoons of Raphael,—Christ is represented sitting at the end of a fisherman's boat, commanding them to throw over their nets again, although they had toiled all day and had caught no fish. So great was their success, that the boats were near sinking

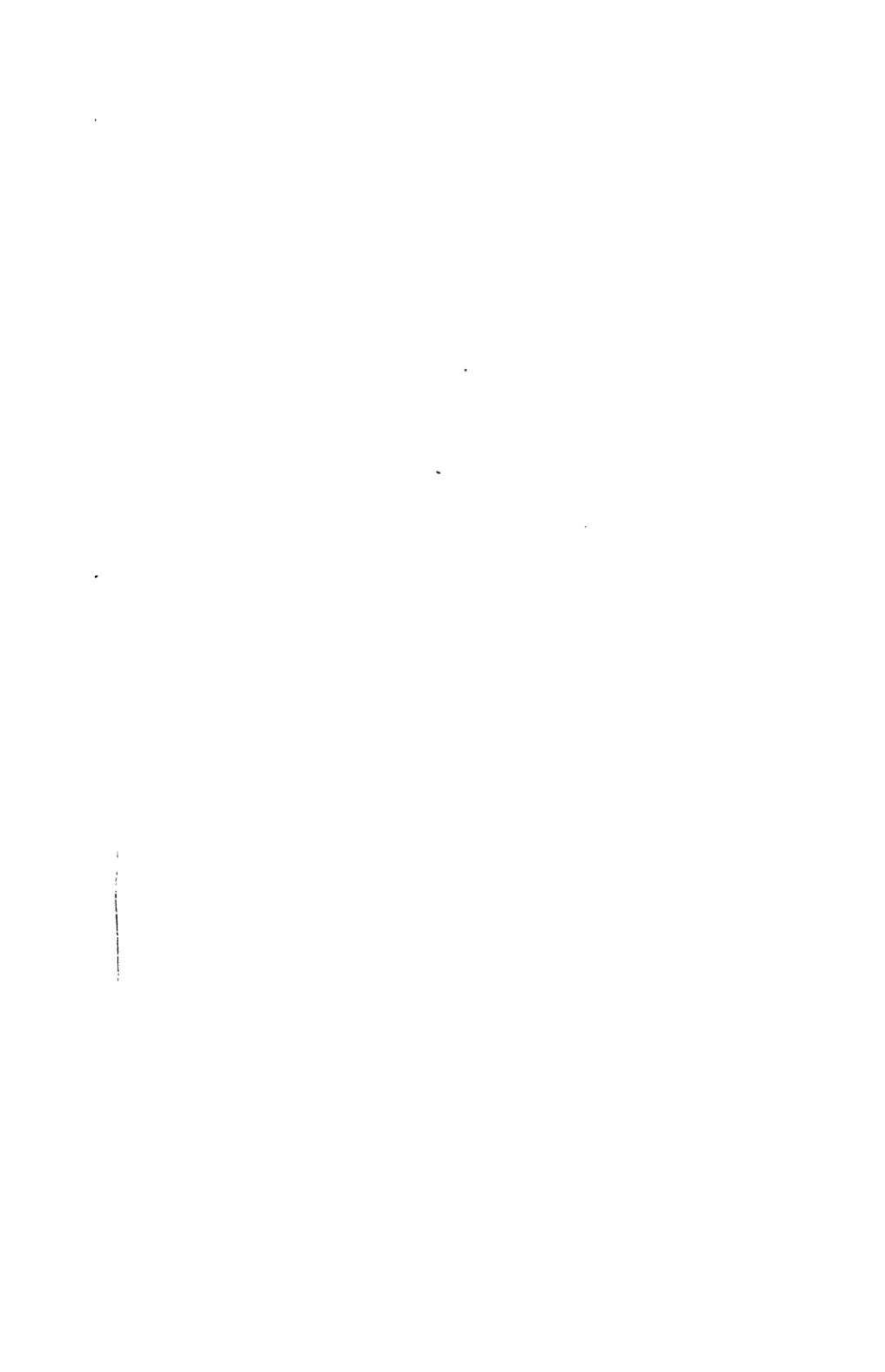
with their loads. Thus the fisherman and his fish are associated forever with the presence of our Saviour, and one of his greatest miracles.

A pursuit so useful, so necessary, and so universal, becomes, as it were, sacred in our eyes, when we remember that the Saviour of the world found his most intimate friends and disciples among humble fishermen, and to them his counsels of faith and of hope were first addressed. He told them he would make them "fishers of men," and from this broad patent the church derives its authority, from St. Peter's at Rome to the humblest Quaker meeting-house that witnesses the moving of the spirit. The fisherman may well be proud of his pedigree, which dates back to the associates and followers of Him who spake as never man spake.

Those who supply us with the luxuries of the sea are themselves strangers to the luxuries of the land. A humble and somewhat precarious living is all they enjoy or expect. In summer they catch our fish, and in winter they make our shoes. If mackerel will not bite, the summer is lost. Their life partakes of that uncertainty that belongs to speculation, and this uncertainty is no doubt one of the charms that allures to its pursuit. There is always a chance of great success, as well as the possibility of entire failure, and hence an excitement not found in more regular and certain pursuits on shore.

The fisherman believes in luck as profoundly as the Mussulman believes in destiny or fate. Like the sailor, he is superstitious, but unlike the sailor, he is not on wages, but dependent on his own skill and exertions.

His voyage extends not like that of the sailor, through several months, but only through so many weeks. He is an amphibious animal, neither landsman nor sailor, but, as it were, a mixture of both. In winter he belongs to the land, in summer to the sea. He goes to church in cold weather, while in warm weather he is off soundings, where there is no Sunday. The sailor's home is on the deep; the fisherman has also a home on shore. He owes a divided allegiance to land and water, forming a sort of connecting-link between seamen and shoremen. He unites the prudence and forethought of the one with the folly and recklessness of the other, exhibiting the virtues and vices of the land and the sea—a sort of mongrel, neither fish nor flesh, but a compound of both. His employment is a useful and necessary one; and if he has sometimes "fisherman's luck," he is also sometimes enabled to lay up something for a rainy day.



T E A .

THE last news from abroad is that England is about to make an attack upon Canton. Such an event can hardly fail to enhance the price of that cherished companion of our evening meal, which so tends to raise and exhilarate our spirits, to open the flood-gates of conversation and wit, to change us from dull, inanimate bodies, into gay, lively souls, to brighten the intellect and to warm the affections. What would become of the world—at least the female and most valuable part of it—without this Chinese beverage, which keeps us from sinking into listlessness and despair? We read of the inspiration of the gin-bottle; but what is that to the inspiration of the tea-pot? The one intoxicates and destroys, while the other enlivens, cheers, and prolongs our lives. The grand objection to this pleasant beverage is that it is accused of being a great promoter of scandal, a deadly foe to reputation, a detractor from our fame, and a destroyer of our good name. If such is really the case, as some people would persuade us, then we may congratulate ourselves that, as tea goes up, scandal

goes down. Some good, after all, may come out of this war in China. Reputations will rise with the rise of tea, and we may calculate the value of our good names by the last price current from Canton and Hong Kong.

The story is told of a party, who, being the fortunate possessor of a pound of tea, at the time of its first introduction into Boston, made an excursion to Salem for the purpose of having a good time with the new-found luxury. The landlady who received them had never seen or heard of this wonderful Chinese plant; but, being naturally unwilling to confess her ignorance, readily undertook to prepare it for her guests. After waiting an hour or more, they began to grow impatient, when lo! the fragrant herb was brought in, served up in a platter, with a large piece of salt pork floating in the centre of the "greens!" Since that time we have all learned to make as well as to drink tea, and to appreciate its invigorating and exhilarating qualities. It is no longer a stranger, but our daily companion. Sancho said he blessed the man who invented sleep. We bless the man who invented tea; and, rather than give it up, will risk even our name, fame, and reputation. A cup of tea refreshes both mind and body. We forget in its delightful aroma the cares and perplexities we have left behind us. It is associated with our domestic joys, our social affections, and all the endearments of

home. When "tea is ready," we lose sight of all our troubles, and throw off the heavy load of business and labor.

The Chinese are a wonderful people. In China the extremes of civilization and barbarism meet and join hands. The highest perfection in the arts is joined to the rudest implements of mechanical and agricultural labor. The highest intellectual cultivation is offset by the most debasing sensualism. With all their gods, it is admitted that they are almost entirely without religious sentiment, while they seem devoid also of common feelings of humanity. Cowardly in war, and furnished with the rudest weapons of defence and attack, they are cruel and bloodthirsty in their punishments beyond all example in the history of nations. With a population of four hundred millions of souls, human life is deemed of no more importance than that of the rats which form a portion of their food; and dead bodies are seen lying about for days, unburied and unregarded. They seem to be a race set apart and distinguished from all the rest of the human family. We find it difficult to believe that they are really human, exhibiting as they do such strange contradictions and such a devilish refinement of cruelty in their criminal code. A nation combining the lowest forms of barbarism with the highest forms of civilization, disgusts us far more than the most degraded life of uncivilized and barbarous na-

tions. We pity the ignorance and superstition of the native African or South Sea cannibal, and recognize in them a common but degraded nature; but a Chinaman excites our disgust and abhorrence. We lose sight of his wonderful fabrics and works of art in the spectacle of a cruel and brutal nature, destitute of reverence alike for God and for man.

If ever a case was presented which warranted the forcible interference of foreign and Christian powers, it is that of China. Lord Palmerston has not disclosed all the designs of the English government, and it is possible he may be looking beyond the mere interests of trade. If England and France could effect a permanent lodgment in the Chinese empire, forcibly open the door for the introduction of humane and Christian sentiments, and with a strong hand abolish the horrible cruelties that pervade the whole empire, we can hardly say that they would not be warranted in doing so. If, as was the opinion of John Quincy Adams, England was justified in forcibly opening the Chinese ports ~~for~~ the reception of opium, for a still stronger reason she may be justified in opening those ports in the cause of humanity. The Chinese may justly be regarded as "outside barbarians," and outlaws of the human race. To compel them to respect the common rights of humanity, may be the duty of the civilized and Christian world.

Bayard Taylor, the well-known traveller, thus speaks of the morality of the Chinese :

“ It is my deliberate opinion that the Chinese are morally the most debased people on the face of the earth. Forms of vice which in other countries are barely named, are in China so common that they excite no comment among the natives. They constitute the surface level, and below them are deeps on deeps of depravity, so shocking and horrible that their character cannot even be hinted. There are some dark shadows in human nature which we naturally shrink from penetrating, and I made no attempt to collect information of this kind ; but there were enough in the things which I could not avoid seeing and hearing—which are brought almost daily to the notice of every foreign resident—to inspire me with a powerful aversion to the Chinese race. Their touch is pollution, and, harsh as the opinion may seem, justice to our own race demands that they should not be allowed to settle on our soil.”

If by the interposition of foreign powers the Insurgent “ Tae-ping-wang ” could be placed upon the throne, which he has nearly reached, much would, no doubt, be gained ; but the excessive hostility of the Chinese to all outside barbarians seems to have united the Imperial and Insurgent fleets against the English. Our information, however, of the present condition, prospects, or intentions of Tae-ping-wang,

is very imperfect. That his success would be highly beneficial to the Chinese nation, there can hardly be a doubt. Though a native Chinaman, and with many of the prejudices and faults of his nation, yet we can hardly suppose that an Emperor, who had sat at the feet of our missionaries to inquire into the truth of the Christian religion, who calls himself and his party the "God worshipping," and who with his own hands breaks in pieces the cherished idols of his country, would not inaugurate a new era in the history of his country.

Such are the people from whom come our silks, our China ware, and our tea. While we speculate on the designs of England and France, merchants speculate on the rise of this eastern luxury. We might gladly give up our tea for years to come if something could be done towards the regeneration of China. Our lives are not, after all, dependent on tea; and, if the croakers are to be believed, our reputations are better off without it. If it becomes dearer, we must avoid the excess of Dr. Johnson, and reduce ourselves to a sort of Maine law standard. We must husband our resources, and exercise some of that self-denial that distinguished the Indians of old, when they turned Boston harbor into one great teapot. The sea was cold, and the tea must have been but poorly steeped, though it may have answered for the fish, unaccustomed to such luxuries;

but the patriotism of the Indians was boiling hot. They could give up their tea if necessary, but could never consent to give up a principle. Taxation and representation they thought should go together, and be, like the union and liberty of later days, "one and inseparable."

THE BROKER.

THE Broker is your “middle man,” who is always on the lookout to bring this “party” and that “party” together, that in their exchanges something may be left sticking to his own palm. He fills a useful and honorable place in society, and in times of great excitement, of South Sea bubbles and Eastern land speculations, he plays a most important part. At such times he is looked upon with peculiar respect and reverence by those who, through him, expect to realize fortunes in a day, and roll in wealth and splendor for the rest of their lives. Alas for the vanity of human wishes! the “best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley.” The South Sea bubble burst, scattering destruction and ruin in all directions; Eastern lands, out of water and under water, come to nothing; the millionaire of to-day is the pauper of to-morrow; the gas escapes from the balloon, so carefully blown up, and it tumbles headlong to the earth. Such is the fate which usually attends those who make haste to be rich—who leave

the sure path of gradual progress to rush into visionary schemes and wild speculations.

The broker, however, is an influential and important man with his customers in seasons of quiet as well as of excitement, of calm as well as of storm. His advice is sought, his opinion asked and relied on, by those who have investments to make or stocks to sell. He knows what stocks, money, real estate or merchandise are worth, or at least what they will bring in the market. He knows who are most likely to buy, and who are disposed to sell. For a small commission he converts your house into money, or your money into a home. He changes all things into gold, and changes gold back again into all things. He is your true magician ; his wand converts a heap of paper into a splended mansion, changes a certificate of stock into heaps of gold, transforms you in an instant from a stockholder to a bondholder, from a ship owner to a proprietor in the banks, turns the capitalist into a farmer, and the farmer back again into a merchant, in the twinkling of an eye. He decides our fate, and changes our destiny from land to the sea, from the city to the country, from business to pleasure, from shareholders in railroads to owners in fee simple to ourselves and to our heirs forever.

The speculating and investigating world hangs tremblingly on the price of stocks. Not only anticipated profits, but the sum total of a life's earnings

vanishes nowadays like the baseless fabric of a vision, and leaves not a wreck behind. "How is Western, to-day?" and, "How is Fitchburg, and Maine?" "Is there any news from the copper regions?" "What is the condition of Central and Rutland bonds—are they going down to still lower depths, or have they touched bottom, and show signs of mending?" The broker has it all set down in his little long and narrow book, at which one glances reverentially, as it is borne under his arm to and from the mysterious Board, as though it contained the decrees of fate within its sybilline leaves. He opens to us the last day's work, while we stand trembling in suspense between hope and fear to know the result. Western has gone up a dollar a share, and Eastern has fallen the same amount. Minnesota is rising, and Copper Falls is going down. Central and Rutland remain in *statu quo*. East Boston is a shade better, and Long Island is still above water. Thus, with his little book, the broker can brighten our eyes, or lengthen out our countenances. He cheers us with his hopes of "better times coming," or affrights us with dismal forebodings of lower prices, disaster and ruin.

We can fancy much that must be monotonous and tedious in a broker's life. To record the declining prices of Rutland and Central bonds, as well as other stocks, from month to month and from year to year, must be a dull task, and a most unpoetical one.

When the Rev. Sydney Smith, who was a holder of Pennsylvania bonds, was congratulated by some visitor on the pleasant life he was leading, surrounded by family and friends, he exclaimed, in the words of St. Paul, "Would that thou wert altogether as I am, except these bonds." Bonds have come to fall on our ears with a dismal sound. They would bring forcibly to mind the idea of chains and prison bars, had not imprisonment for debt been fortunately abolished. Why are they like self-righteousness? Do you give it up? Because the more we have of them the worse we are off. They have drunk up the substance of widows and orphans, as the parched earth drinks in the falling rain; but unlike our mother earth, it is to be feared they will not soon return it to their unhappy victims. The tracks, unfortunately, seem to be all one way. We are at a loss to know which are worse—the bonds of the South or the bonds of the North. There is this difference, however, of which there can be no doubt, that while the former are as yet unbroken, the latter are, and have been for a long time, shattered into a thousand fragments.

Brokers are divided, in the Boston Directory, into Money brokers, Merchandise brokers, Real Estate brokers, and Stock and Exchange brokers. Under the head of Money brokers are included those who elsewhere are termed Pawn brokers. In the city of New York it is estimated that five thousand dollars

are daily lent on property left in pawn. In the large cities of Europe the system of borrowing on pawn is carried to a still greater extent. In France, by law, two thirds of the value of the article pawned is required to be loaned; it is supposed, however, that about one third of the value is usually advanced. Among Money brokers are also included those who deal more especially in notes of hand, or in what is commonly called shaving of notes. The rates vary from eight and ten per cent. for what is called gilt-edged paper, to twelve and fifteen per cent. for that which is more doubtful, varying with the scarcity or abundance of money. It is supposed that those who invest their capital in this business realize less than would accrue from a good investment at six per cent.

Merchandise brokers date from a comparatively recent time. The merchant who formerly sold his own cargo, now disposes of it through a third party or broker. This is only one phase of that division of labor which is constantly manifesting itself in every pursuit, business and profession, as wealth is accumulated and population increases. We are approaching, but have not yet reached, the point which, in England, separates the barrister from the attorney, and the surgeon from the physician. The tendency is always to subdivisions in the pursuits of life, whether mechanical or professional. The broker represents this tendency, and out of it grows his occupation,

whether it is that of merchandise, stocks or money. He brings us a customer for our goods, and knows where to buy the stock, the merchandise, or the house we are in search of. His office becomes more important as wealth increases, and the individual is lost in the great mass which surrounds him. The buyer and seller no longer know all those who buy and sell ; the broker steps in and introduces them to each other. He sells for one and buys for the other. He benefits both, while he gains a living for himself, and performs a useful and honorable service to the community.

THE AUCTIONEER.

WHAT shall we say of Mr. Going, Going, Gone ? This we may surely say—while he ever keeps going, may he never be gone ! We could in no way dispense with his services. Without him how could we dispose of our goods and chattels when emergency or convenience requires, realizing, it is true, but half price, but more than we could obtain by any other known process ! The auctioneer is the personification of cheapness. Like the physician and the lawyer, he lives by the misfortunes of his neighbors. He knocks, like death, “with equal foot,” at the gates of the rich and the doors of the poor, and knocks off both one and the other without compunction or remorse, as the physician, hardened by his profession, lops off a limb, or cuts into the diseased body of his hapless victim. We cannot call the auctioneer a necessary evil ; on the contrary, like the physician, he is a necessary good. He administers to our necessities, if we would sell, and enables us to buy cheap, if we would buy.

The mode of selling at auction differs in different

countries. In some, the highest price is named first and so downwards until a buyer is found; while in another a candle is lighted, and bidders are limited to the time during which "the lamp holds out to burn." With us the lowest price is first named, and so on until the highest bidder becomes the successful purchaser. While the sale is going on the auctioneer becomes to us a most important and interesting personage. How intently do both buyer and seller hang upon his words, "Going, going at forty-five, who says fifty? It must go, gentlemen, at the low price of forty-five dollars, if you say no more! Who says fifty?" The owner is anxious, and the buyers become nervous. All parties watch the auctioneer, to see if the awful hammer is really coming down. It falls, at last, and Mr. Blank is the fortunate man. The owner has made a sacrifice, but has realized more than he otherwise could have done, while Mr. Blank has drawn no great prize, because he has very likely bought something he had no need of or taste for, merely because it was selling at such a great bargain.

In old times, goods were sold at "public vendue," (pronounced *vandu*). Then, as now, men and women made oftentimes dear purchases by being tempted to buy a thousand things they had no occasion for. The auctioneer, however, is not to blame for this. He does his duty faithfully to both parties. He

dwells a reasonable time, and then knocks down the article to the highest bidder. In this knocking process he sometimes hits the seller a hard blow, and sometimes a severe knock on the head of the buyer ; but that is not his concern, which is only to knock down the goods offered for sale. His ivory hammer descends, like the rain, upon the evil and the just ; it is no respecter of persons, but falls, dealing impartial justice to all who are within its sound. From its decision there can be no appeal. The fatal word of one syllable is spoken ; there is no longer time for repentance ; the lamp has gone out and can never be relighted.

The hammer of the auctioneer tells many a sad story of ruined fortunes, blasted hopes, and of death that scatters the much loved and hard-earned property to the four winds. Each tap of the ivory ball consigns some cherished memento, to which affection has clung for many long years, into the hands of a stranger, to whom it comes divested of its charm and the hold it had upon the human heart, a mere object of curiosity, perhaps, or it may be to gratify a passion for display. The venerable mansion that has witnessed the loves and the hopes, the joys and the sorrows of more than one generation, passes under the hands of the auctioneer to entire strangers, to whom no room or chamber or fire-place is crowded with associations of happy childhood, youth, manhood, old age, sickness,

birth, marriage, and death. The new owner sees only timber, bricks and mortar, and forthwith commences the work of repair. The auctioneer's books tell a sad story of ruinous speculation, bankruptcy in trade, unfortunate investments, ships cast away, fraud, misfortune and death. Here you may read in figures the history of human life, and moralize on its changes from wealth to poverty, from happiness to misery, from life and health to the loss of both one and the other.

How little of all this do we realize, when, tempted by curiosity, we look in upon an auction sale. The wit of the auctioneer and the jokes of the company enliven and amuse us while some precious heir-loom is struck off for some trifling sum. Could we know its history, we should be disposed to weep rather than laugh. It may be some portrait is offered for sale, destined after a short time to adorn the lumber room or garret of its new owner. It is the counterfeit presentment of one on whom once centered all the hopes and affections of relations and friends ; of some fair being, perhaps, who once united in herself all the beauty, grace and loveliness of her sex, the idol of fond parents, the joy and delight of her husband, the devoted mother, or the much-loved sister. Of all this we know nothing and think nothing. How much is bid—once, twice, three times—going, going and gone. Yes, she has long been gone, and the places

that have known her can know her no more forever ; but in some heart, now also at rest, her memory once survived, a bright oasis in the dreary desert of life.

Our auctioneers have always been a most respectable and respected class of the community—upright and intelligent, they have been most useful agents in administering to the necessities of commerce and of domestic life, so full of vicissitude and change. The great change comes at last, sending our worldly and perishable goods to the public vendue, while it consigns our bodies to the dust, and our spirits to the keeping of Him who gave them.

THE TRAVELLER.

“ Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
O’er books consumed the midnight oil ?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome surveyed,
And the vast sense of Plato weighed ?
Hast Socrates thy soul refined,
And hast thou fathomed Tully’s mind ?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities strayed,
Their customs, laws, and manners weighed ? ”

Thus the philosopher addressed the shepherd, whom he had come to visit in his humble retreat, and to know the source of that wisdom and learning for which he had become famous.

“ The shepherd modestly replied,
‘ I ne’er the paths of learning tried ;
Nor have I roamed in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws and arts.’ ”

His lessons he had taken at home. He had studied Nature, and endeavored to follow her guidance in learning his duty to its author and to his fellow-men.

He had studied the Creator in the works of his hands—in the brooks and in the trees, in the instincts of the brute creation, in the returning seasons—the snow, the rain, the sunshine, and the tempest, the budding flowers, and the decaying leaves. He learns industry from the bee, and provident thought of the future from the ant, constancy from the dove, and modesty in conversation from the magpie.

“ We from the wordy torrent fly,
Who listen to the chattering pie.”

Kites, hawks, and wolves warn him against rapacity, and the toad and serpent remind him of the sting of envy and calumny so hard to bear. Fidelity he learns from his dog.

“ My dog, (the trustiest of his kind,)
With gratitude inflames my mind ;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
Thus every object in creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation ;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.”

Many, like the shepherd, travel at home to much greater advantage than those who seek knowledge of men by going into foreign parts and spending their time in a constant change of place. A perpetual variety amuses and entertains them, but no small pro-

portion of travellers return but little wiser than they set out. They can tell you the height of St. Peter's or St. Paul's, the number of paintings in the Vatican or the Louvre ; describe the passage of the Alps, the ruins of the Coliseum or the Parthenon, the Pyramids of Egypt, or the Deserts of Arabia ; but they have added but little to their previous knowledge of man, his nature and his wants, his customs, manners, history or laws. They have seen a variety of things, which have left a feeble impression upon their minds, and are glad to get home and find relief from the fatigues and discomforts of journeying.

Travellers have been divided into those who journey with their eyes open, and those who keep them shut. The latter see only bridges, mountains, rivers, palaces, and cathedrals ; while the former study the habits, character, and traits of the people through whom they pass. The one sees ; the other observes. The one has gained something useful and valuable, while the other brings home little more than he could have learned by visiting some of the various panoramas exhibited in our cities. Both have been over the same scenes, but have gathered from them very different lessons. The one has studied the works of man, while the other has studied man in connection with his works. The one has seen only the splendid architecture and mediæval ornament of the Gothic cathedral, while the other has caught something of

the spirit of those who engaged in the pious work of erecting such noble monuments of the genius and piety of by-gone ages. One sees in the Vatican only a pile of buildings, filled with paintings and statuary; another reads in that vast structure and its countless works of genius the history of our religion, corrupted in its progress through the ages, with heathen and pagan ceremonies, popes, cardinals, temporal power, luxury, vice, and human passions. It is not only the size and sublime proportions of St. Peter's that engage his attention, but the superstition that erected it out of the sale of indulgencies in sin, by the hands of those who claimed to be the successors of Christ and his apostles. He is reminded of what Peter would say, if he should come back upon earth to this great temple which bears his name, but which bears so little resemblance to the humble upper room in which the disciples were wont to assemble. In the vast ruins of Rome he reads the history of a nation which, by its valor, its temperance, its social virtues, and its public justice, became mistress of the world, but which, by falling into luxury and vice, became the prey of the barbarian hordes that hovered over its borders, like the gathering of the eagles where they scent the odor of the decaying carcass.

Those of us who are too poor to go abroad, may now fortunately enjoy something of travel at home, and perhaps with as much advantage to ourselves as

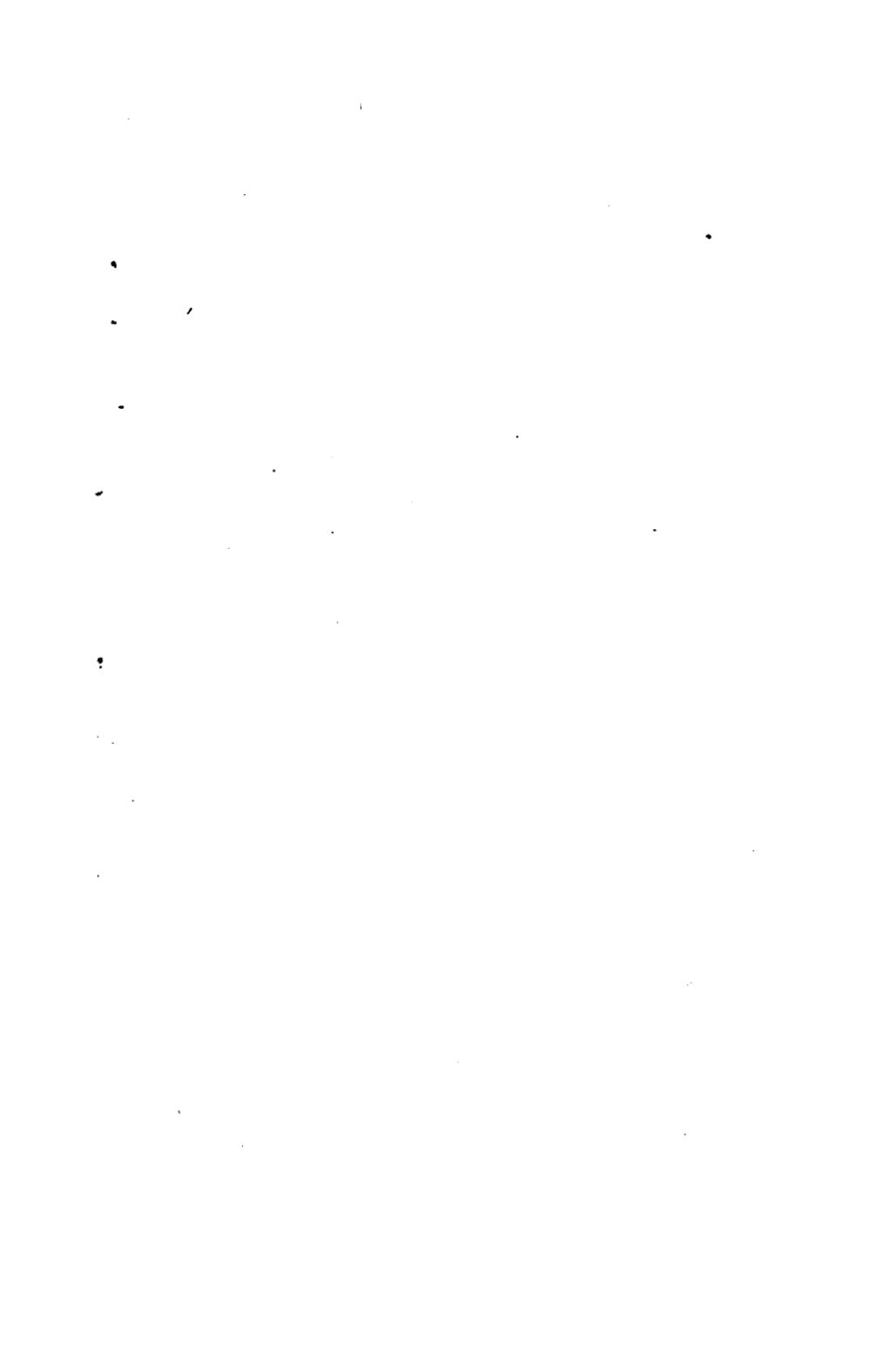
many derive from a year or two spent in foreign lands. Only an hour is required for us to ascend the Mississippi with Banvard, from New Orleans to St. Louis, a journey of three or four days by steamboat. We thus effect a great saving of time, and avoid all the discomforts of travel, as well as the danger of snags and explosions. We sit quietly at our ease, and without leaving our chair make the whole journey of a thousand miles. This is certainly one of the greatest labor-saving inventions of this inventing age. Some years ago, by walking only as far as Washington Street, I ascended the Rhine, and made myself familiar with its vine-clad hills, its picturesque scenery, the ruins of its ancient castles, so famous in history, and still more famous in the descriptions of Byron. For twenty-five cents I traversed the whole length of that wondrous stream, that attracts its pilgrims from the remotest corners of the world.

I have recently made a voyage to the Polar regions, under the guidance of a noble specimen of humanity, William Morton, of whom it is enough to say that he was worthy to be the companion and friend of Dr. Kane. He was born in Ireland, and does honor to the land that gave him birth. With him I entered the region of icebergs, towering hundreds of feet above the sea, and threatening the "Advance" more than once with instant destruction. We passed the Crimson Cliffs, and after many hair-breadth escapes

the brig settled down in her winter quarters and final resting place. There I had a fine view of the observatory, surrounded with immense blocks of ice, which rendered the approach to it difficult if not dangerous. After witnessing the miraculous escape of the party from danger and cold, and the igloo, or Esquimaux hut, where Dr. Kane and Hans lay two days in total darkness, I started with Mr. Morton, Hans, and seven dogs, for a trip to the North. Travelling some two hundred miles, we were surprised and delighted with a view of the open Polar Sea, the existence of which had been suggested by Lieut. Maury and by Dr. Kane. Passing through many scenes in and around the vessel, during two long Polar nights, I saw the feeble band worn down by sickness, and almost in despair, commence their last and desperate struggle for life. Nothing but the superhuman energy of Dr. Kane could have carried them through that journey, which, after innumerable dangers, they accomplished in about eighty days, travelling a distance of fourteen hundred miles.

In moral sublimity this retreat stands far before that of Bonaparte from the burning ruins of Moscow, and will be read with thrilling interest as long as our language endures. Returning from my journey, I was introduced to Mr. Morton and the dog Etah, the only survivor of the seven, without whose assistance not one of the party could have survived to tell the

tale of disaster and death. I felt much refreshed and benefited by the journey, and was surprised to find how little it had cost of money, labor or time. I had been introduced to the most stupendous and awful of nature's works, become acquainted with the simplest, rudest, and most ignorant and debased of the human species, and at the same time witnessed the noblest exhibition of heroism of which man is capable in his high state of civilization and refinement. I had seen science and human energy in deadly struggle with the forces of nature, and seen them come off victorious. A thousand years may never exhibit another spectacle like this, and we cannot but hope that with the present expedition, at least, set on foot by the unconquerable hope of Lady Franklin, all Polar expeditions may end. Life is too precious to be thus sacrificed, even in the cause of science. It is pretty well settled that no practical use can ever be made of the long-sought northwest channel, now it has been discovered by Capt. McClure.



THE ACTOR.

IT often happens that when I visit the theatre I find myself moralizing on the life of an Actor. Why is it, I ask, that we hold him in so little esteem who both caters for our amusement and furnishes lessons for our intellectual and moral improvement, who “holds, as it were, the mirror up to nature, shows virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.”

Is there anything undignified in exhibiting for our instruction or amusement the counterfeit presentment of real life? This is what the novelist does with his pen, and why should he be better received than the actor, who does the same in his person? There have always been exceptions, it is true, in favor of those who have greatly distinguished themselves in the mimic art; but still, actors, as a class, are condemned to a sort of proscription, as though, however respectable they may be in point of character, they had no right to claim an equal rank in the society to which they belong.

The theatre is a valuable and necessary institution, especially where the people are too little prone to amusement, and too much given to the corroding influence of buying, and selling, and getting gain. Such is our own condition, and while we recognize the utility of theatrical entertainments, why should we not recognize the same importance and dignity in the profession of acting, that we accord to all other useful and honorable pursuits. Shakspeare was a player, as well as an author. He wrote his divine tragedies and comedies in the way of his profession, and acted them too at the Globe Theatre. But for the stage the world could never have seen those miracles of genius. A great tragedy is said to be the highest effort of the human mind ; if so, those who exhibit it upon the stage are entitled to share in its honors. Strike out from the world all dramatic compositions, and what could fill up the intellectual void ?

Much has been said and written about purifying and elevating the character of the stage ; there is one way of doing it, and that is, by taking the actor by the hand and receiving him with that respect which we accord to respectable men engaged in other, and, it may be, less useful pursuits. Because he contributes to our amusement, is no reason why he should be excluded from our firesides and our tables. He performs a most valuable service in the social economy ;

why, then, should he be excluded from those privileges which are accorded to others whose services may be really of little or no value? We compel the actor to vicious association when we exclude him from that which is virtuous; we degrade the stage when we refuse to the player the countenance of our friendship and society. Such has been too long the practice of the world; it is a custom more "honored in the breach than in the observance." We should "reform it altogether."

I went a short time since to hear young Booth in the perplexing and wonderful character of Hamlet, and could not resist the conclusion that he is destined to hold a high place in the art so illustrated by his distinguished father. His commencement of the address to the players seemed hardly so dignified as I thought it should be; but this may be owing to old association, for I remember that the venerable Mr. Quincy, when he entered upon his labors at Cambridge, ordered every student of one class to commit for recitation, Hamlet's well known address, by way of trying their respective powers of elocution. "Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the tongue," repeated about sixty times, made, as may be supposed, a lasting impression, and invested that remarkable lesson with a sort of dignity which I quite missed when Mr. Booth commenced it in a rapid and familiar undertone, and before he had

fairly come on to the stage, speaking also to the principal actor only, and not to all the players.

I derived great pleasure in seeing Hamlet so worthily represented, and hope the second Booth may come one day to be as great an actor as the first. His Sir Giles Overreach was also a fine piece of acting. If he failed at all in the Robbers, it was because no human faculties can be ever equal to situations of such unmitigated horror and unnatural crime. Such extravagance may be read, and perhaps enjoyed, but can never be worthily acted, because it goes beyond all human capacity to realize and to embody.

Schiller makes his Francis de Moor not so much a villain of flesh and blood, as an unearthly fiend, answering to nothing ever seen or heard of in this world; while the accumulated horrors of the last scene are such as neither Mr. Booth nor any one else can do justice to, since, in the true German spirit, they are almost supernatural, and beyond the reach of all human powers. The actor seems overpowered, and we almost lose sight of him in the appalling scenes which surround him. Charles de Moor has thrown his brother into a dungeon (from which his father has just escaped) to die of starvation; his father lies dead, killed by himself and his brother. Amelia, whom he loved, lies also before him, slain by his own hand. It is quite time, therefore, that the soldiers should appear and shoot him down, so that the green

curtain may shut them all from our sight—from my sight certainly forever, for I have no wish to sup quite so full of horrors again. I came away with the reflection that two such characters—the one so unnatural, or rather impossible, from its excess of wickedness; and the other, to avenge his misfortunes upon his race, led on by a mysterious destiny to become a robber and a murderer, and seemingly saved from suicide only by being shot—could have issued from no other source than the German brain.

“ All the world’s a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances.”

Man

“ Struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.”

In the great day of account it will not be so much inquired of us what part we played as how we played it. To have done our duty will no doubt be sufficient, whether in a red coat or a black one, in the garb of a monk or the borrowed finery of an actor. Those whose business it is to amuse us perform not the least useful, but in fact a most important part in life. While we avail ourselves of their services, it is base in us to despise their occupation. They are co-laborers with ourselves, men and women like ourselves, and better, no doubt, than a great many of us. They are what we make them, and that is, to a great extent, true of all other classes and ranks in society.



PUBLIC OPINION.

No fabled monster of antiquity ever struck such terror into the breasts of a rude people, as the hydra-headed, many-mouthed, invisible, but omnipresent monster, which we call Public Opinion, inflicts upon the present race of men. Without shape or form, viewless as the wind, it encircles us like the air we breathe. In vain we try to escape from its dreadful presence. It haunts us on land and on the sea, and reaches us in the most remote and desolate regions of the globe. Napoleon felt it as acutely on the barren rock of St. Helena as when seated in the Tuilleries, master of half the world. We may fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, or bury ourselves in the caves of the hills, but even there it stares us in the face. It will not go down at our bidding. It clings to us like the shirt of Nessus. It goes when we go, stops when we stop, lies down with us at night, and rises with us in the morning. There is no escape from its presence, for, like light and electricity, it pervades the universe.

No man is so hardy, so encased in triple rows of brass, that he can defy the dread tribunal of public opinion. He may encounter without fear the dangers of the sea, the horrors of war, the pestilence that walketh at noon day, the savage beast that roams in the forest, or the more savage man that knows no mercy for his fellows, but the opinion of all men he cannot face so easily. The desire to be thought well of by others is one of the most deep-seated and ineradicable of all sentiments that belong to the human heart. The most abandoned criminal in his cell, his hands red with human blood, and stained with every vice that can disgrace our common nature, with hardly a vestige of humanity left in him, is still anxious that the public should not utterly condemn him, and that the world should recognize some redeeming traits in his character ; that he should be allowed to possess some one virtue, though it may be linked with a thousand crimes.

Public opinion acts with more or less intensity, and is more or less omnipotent, according to the variety of national manners and of forms of government that prevail in different parts of the world. It is very observable that it becomes more absolute and tyrannical, just in proportion as nations become more free, and the restraints of political institutions are less felt. Hence, nowhere is its force so fully exhibited as with us, who enjoy the highest degree of civil and political

liberty. When the laws bear lightest, public opinion, for that very reason, bears heaviest upon us. In France one is much more free to say and do what he pleases, without the fear of what his neighbors will say, than he is in the United States. He is not allowed to talk politics or to criticise the government, but may discuss everything else, without the fear of being persecuted for his opinions if they are different from those around him. The physician in Paris or London is not deterred by the fear of ridicule from examining the claims of clairvoyance or of spiritualism, and of investigating their phenomena.

With us the case is just the reverse. We may abuse our rulers to our heart's content, in the full enjoyment of unrestrained political freedom, but in all matters relating to science, morals and religion, we must be careful how we express an independent opinion. We are made to feel at once that though politically free we are socially more enslaved than the most despotic nations of Europe. The price we pay for our civil freedom is social slavery. As the rigor of law is less felt, its place is supplied by a common law of public opinion. This we see illustrated in our new States and Territories at the West, where, in a new and unsettled state of society, the laws can act but feebly, and are inadequate even to the protection of person and property. Public opinion takes the place of law and becomes the most tyrannical of

masters. The man who steals a horse, commits the gravest offence in a new and unsettled country, where horses are indispensable and the laws too weak for their protection. He is tried at the bar of public opinion and hung up by the orders of Judge Lynch on the first tree.

The recent outbreak in California and the formation of a Committee of Safety is a notable and terrible example of the force of public opinion, where the laws bear lightly and are inadequate for protection. Man is destined, for his good no doubt, to be to a certain extent the slave of his fellow-men. In proportion as he becomes politically free he becomes socially enslaved. When the law bears lightest, public opinion bears heaviest. Nowhere is there so little social freedom as in the free and enlightened United States of America. Nowhere is this control of public opinion so absolute as in the States which enjoy the highest degree of political liberty, and the one is the necessary result of the other. Who dares here broach a new theory in science, morals, or religion, that thwarts the prejudices of his neighbors? In Paris the Frenchman may do it with impunity, but here the cry is at once, Crucify him, Crucify him, not on the cross, to be sure, but with averted faces, banishment from our sympathy and our society, and from all communion with those from whom he has dared to differ, by holding up the slow-moving finger of scorn, or, it may be, raising the cry of mad dog.

That public opinion acts beneficially in many respects there can be no doubt, and that it exerts often-times a wise and salutary restraint is of course true. It is in fact the basis on which all law in a free country must rest, for law is but public opinion embodied in the Statute Book. It is a curious reflection, however, that it is only a certain amount of liberty that man can enjoy. If he is released from the burden of a despotic and arbitrary government he becomes only so much the more the slave of public opinion. He obtains one species of liberty at the expense of another. He must be governed just so much, either by the king or the emperor, or by public sentiment. He throws off one burden only to assume another. The conclusion would seem to be that liberty is pretty equally diffused throughout the world. Some are under one tyrant and others under many. Those whom we commiserate in other countries as being under a galling yoke of despotism, may have in some respects more liberty of speech and action than we enjoy ourselves. It behooves us not to be too boastful, or to imagine that because we live under a free government we are, therefore, altogether free.

HONESTY IN TRADE.

THERE are tricks in all trades but ours, is a common phrase, which, of course, is believed neither by him who uses it, nor by him to whom it is addressed. There are tricks in all trades. Such has always been and will always be the case, while trade is based on those selfish motives that impel men to exertion, and for which no substitute has ever yet been found as a motive power in the production of wealth and all the blessings of civilized life which flow from it. Socialism has tried the experiment of substituting the law of love, the desire of benefiting others, instead of the selfish motives that seek to benefit more especially ourselves and our own families,—the ambition and spirit of emulation which prompts us to excel, and to outshine our neighbors. This experiment has proved a signal failure, and we may safely conclude that no wilder or more visionary scheme has ever entered into the human mind than that of Fourier and his disciples.

The constant spur of those passions of ambition and rivalry so deeply and so widely implanted in our

common nature, acting conjointly with our social affections, is needed to carry society forward in the accumulation of wealth. Although tricks or dishonesty in trade will always exist, from the very nature of trade, with its sharp and inevitable competitions, it by no means follows that all men engaged in business are equally dishonest. Integrity and uprightness in business distinguishes a very large class of all who are engaged in it, and we flatter ourselves that nowhere is that class more numerous than in our own city of Boston, which, from the mercantile profession, has produced some of the noblest specimens of honorable dealing in the accumulation, as well as the greatest munificence in distributing their wealth. Between such men and the most dishonest huckster there exists, no doubt, many grades of fraud, which seeks its own advancement in the injury and ruin of others.

To fix a standard of honesty in business is, of all things perhaps, the most difficult, and it must be left to each individual conscience to decide upon the line which separates fair dealing from that which is fraudulent. Tried by the highest standard of morality, hardly any one engaged in trade could escape. The clergyman finds it an easy thing to declaim against the vices of trade, but often forgets or overlooks the fact that trade has its own laws,—its common laws,—on which it is based, and by which those engaged in

its pursuits are to be judged when the question of moral accountability comes up. The highest standard of right might require that the seller should declare to the purchaser all he knows in regard to the article he is about to sell, disclose all its defects and the cost of it to himself, so that the purchaser could in no way be deceived in regard to it. But such a course makes trade itself impossible,—its occupation would be gone. *Caveat emptor*—let the buyer beware—is one of the oldest maxims of the common law, which is said to be the perfection of human wisdom. A wide difference exists between fraudulent misrepresentation or fraudulent concealment of latent defects, and the praise which every man is expected to bestow on the goods he offers for sale.

By the common law of trade, understood by those who buy and by those who sell, every man is expected to speak well of his goods, and hence it is that no man is deceived thereby. When we go into a store we go with our eyes open, well knowing that we must depend upon them, and upon our own judgment and sagacity, not expecting that everything relating to the wares we purchase which the seller may know will be imparted to us. This is perfectly well understood by both parties. It is by this conventional rule that the trader is to be judged, and not by the highest law of abstract right, as it may be supposed to apply to buying and selling, and before

which no man can stand, nor could the business of merchandise be carried on. It is by a confusion of ideas, and the failure to see and understand the necessary relations of buyer and seller,—the common law by which each consents to be governed,—that injustice is often done to those engaged in a most important pursuit, and wholesale declamation indulged in towards all who buy, and sell, and get gain, as though it was at the expense of others and at the peril of their own souls.

It is for want of this discrimination that moral distinctions are confounded, and a great wrong done, where the greatest good is intended. Men are sometimes sent away from church, confounded and puzzled, believing themselves to be great sinners perhaps, though unable to understand why, since they pursue their calling on well-known and recognized principles of uprightness and fair dealing. It is hard if they are to be judged by a standard unknown to the mercantile community, of which they form a part.

Tricks of trade, as they are called, lose their character of immorality when they are such only which every one allows and expects. The same tricks belong to the professions of law, medicine, and various other callings in life. In all pursuits different from our own, there is something we do not understand or wish to understand. To a certain extent we expect and agree to be deceived ; it is not, therefore, for us

to vent harsh judgments on those who keep within the limits of the law, to which we have given our consent, whether they are merchants or professional men. It is not the standard of morality in any pursuit we would lower, but only claim for the trader, as well as for others, that he should not be made morally responsible for the want of what his customers, by common consent, neither ask nor expect of him; that he should not be required to sacrifice his living to an ideal standard of morality incompatible with the very existence of trade, and that he should not be made to feel that he is doing wrong when in fact he is doing right.

Trade is necessarily conducted on the selfish principle. Each man must look out for his own interest, rather than for that of his customers. Thus he acquires his wealth. The sentiment of benevolence comes in and prompts him to spend it in promoting the happiness of those around him, to build churches, endow colleges, erect schoolhouses, patronize the arts, and give to the poor. In the course of his business he may do many things, sanctioned by custom among merchants, which it might be difficult to defend by the most rigid rules of morality. Cicero condemns the merchant of Alexandria who arrived in port with a cargo of flour, and gave no notice of another cargo which he knew was on the way, and must soon arrive, to knock down the price of flour. Grotius, writing

under the Christian dispensation, defends him on the ground that he was not called on to give such information, even if asked, as would lessen the value of his own merchandise. On the same principle a dealer on Washington Street would not be required to inform a lady where she could obtain a better article than he offered her at the same price, and which he might know could be had at the next door. His customer is presumed to be a judge of the goods and the price; if she is not, that is not the fault of the seller. If, knowing some essential, latent and invisible defect in them, he represents them as sound and perfect, he commits an act of fraud. He is expected, however, to praise and recommend his goods, and get as good a price as he can for them, that he may pay his rent and support his family. His temptations are great and constant to depart from the recognized laws of buying and selling, and his merit consists in keeping always within the limit—never going beyond what the necessities of trade require as a condition of its very existence. To define the precise point to which a salesman may go in recommending and urging his goods on the attention of his customers is impossible. The only rule that can be laid down is that he avoids fraudulent misrepresentation, and does only that which, by usage, his customers expect him to do. This, in most cases, is what he does, and goes home at night with a conscience void of offence towards God and man.

THE MORMONS.

THE rise and progress of this strange sect forms another and most striking proof of that great fact, that, when the religious sentiment is appealed to, no superstition is too extravagant, no fanaticism too wild or degrading to number in its ranks sincere and honest converts. Those who look upon the Mormons as either knaves or fools make the greatest mistake. Knavery and deception can account for no such phenomenon as the sudden and rapid spread of this delusion. We must look for its solution deep down into the inmost recesses of our common nature. Mormonism comes from the same source as Mahometanism, Quakerism or Shakerism, a perversion of the religious sentiment, and to this perversion no bounds can be set, nor can any earthly power say, thus far shalt thou go and no farther.

The history of the world abounds in every species of superstition and fanaticism, nor is it too much to say that when the religious sentiment is appealed to no belief is too absurd, no practice too gross and revolting to find zealous and honest believers and followers. Christianity itself has been corrupted into

every variety and form of superstition. The universal belief in a Supreme Being, the feeling of awe and distrust in view of a future and untried state of existence, form the basis and groundwork on which, through all ages, enthusiasts and dreamers have introduced and promulgated the most extravagant notions, and what all but the parties concerned regard only as the most absurd and ridiculous systems of belief—Mormonism is no more strange than Shakerism, nor is it hardly more disgusting. Another generation may see a sect arise, defending, in the name of religion, practices more revolting, if possible, than those of the Saints of the Salt Lake city.

When you appeal to man's religious sentiment you may persuade him of almost anything. You may make him believe in three Gods or in one God, in the moving of the Spirit, or in the actual presence of divinity in the consecrated wafer; that he should never marry, and that he should have a plurality of wives; that Christ was a man, and that he was God himself; that altars and surplices are among the essentials of salvation, and that they are but abominations in the sight of the Lord; that dancing is a religious rite, and that it is sinful and forbidden; that all will finally be saved, and that only the elect can hope for salvation; that all men are depraved and desperately wicked, and that man is a free agent, and can choose the good and reject the evil. The horrible tortures of the Inquisition, life on the top of a

pillar, hair shirts, the burning of widows, suicide under the wheels of Juggernaut, human sacrifices, fierce persecutions, and martyrdom at the stake, are all to be traced to a common origin.

Macaulay, in his Review of Ranke's Lives of the Popes, claims that no discoveries of science have as yet thrown any light on the Sacred Scriptures, such as would enable an intelligent man of the present day to be a better judge of their true meaning and interpretation than an equally intelligent man who lived three hundred years ago. Hence he concludes that it would be by no means surprising if Catholicism should become again the religion of England, when London, with all its glories, may have passed away. Butler, in his Satire upon the Presbyterians and Independents, exclaims :

"As if religion was intended
For nothing else but to be mended."

That old religions will be new mended, and that, like Mormonism, new religions will be invented, is as certain as that human nature will remain the same, and that man will continue to be a religious and God-seeking being.

A literal interpretation of Scriptural texts, or the practices sanctioned by the Old Testament, may seem to authorize almost every religious institution that has obtained in the Christian world since our religion was founded. Brigham Young and his disciples will

no doubt be forced to seek in other climes, or in the Islands of the Sea, a retreat, where they can enjoy, unmolested, their peculiar belief. Wherever they go they will learn that polygamy is not in accordance with the Divine command, since it brings in its train social evils, demoralizing and incurable, to be followed, as in the case of Turkey, with decay and death.

The mistake made by our Government was that it did not nip in the bud what has now bloomed out into a noxious flower, sending far and wide its poisonous perfume, and defying the whole power of the Government to root up and destroy it.

The difficulty has been in the pretence that polygamy was a part of the Mormon religion, and therefore not to be meddled with by Government. Suppose, however, the Mormons had adopted as part of their religion the old Spartan religion of theft, should we have been called on to give our countenance and protection to a gang of thieves and robbers? Throughout Christendom polygamy is as much a crime as stealing, and is punished as a crime in every State of the Union. How, then, can it be pretended in a Christian country that such a practice cannot be suppressed because it is a part of the religious belief of those who are engaged in it? The very statement of such a proposition seems sufficient to show the absurdity of it.

Q U A K E R S.

THE ranks of these messengers of peace are becoming rapidly thinned. The broad-brimmed hat and drab coat are getting to be but curious relics of a bygone age, reminding us, as at rare intervals they appear in our streets, that another of the innumerable religious sects, based on a literal and mistaken interpretation of Scriptural texts, is passing away, to be known only in history. No sect, whatever may be its peculiar religious tenets, can long survive, that affects singularity in dress, language, and departure from the world around it. A religious order may live long if it secludes itself, and, in obedience to its sacred profession, has no part or lot in the business and intercourse of life; but those who mix with society must conform to its rules of dress and deportment, or they must lose all influence and finally their existence as a peculiar sect. Whatever may be our belief, we find it necessary to conform externally to the custom of those with whom we live. This is a fundamental law of our nature, which the Quakers have violated, and the penalty is, that, as a sect, they are passing away, and will soon be known no more forever.

Few sects have arisen which, with all their errors and extravagance, have not embodied some useful and valuable truth. The Quaker has an inner light to guide his steps. He communes in silence with his own conscience, and seeks counsel of that internal monitor whose teaching seldom leads us astray. External forms are not needed to help his devotion. He requires no music or painting, nor Gothic architecture with its “dim religious light,” to kindle and keep alive his holy aspirations. He is confined to no stated services, to no times or seasons, but waits in silence the moving of the spirit, and then he prays or exhorts, as he is prompted by his ever-present monitor, the still small voice within. This beautiful idea of religion will live, let us hope, long after the last trim Quaker dress shall have faded from our sight, and the last Quaker meeting-house shall have crumbled into the dust; long after the last Quaker shall have joined in another world that long procession of the “shining ones” which has gone before him.

George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, is thus described by Lord Macaulay:—

“One of the precious truths which were divinely revealed to this new apostle was, that it was falsehood and adulmentation to use the second person plural instead of the second person singular. Another was, that to talk of the month of March was to worship the blood-thirsty god Mars, and that to talk of Monday was to

pay idolatrous homage to the moon. To say Good morning or Good evening was highly reprehensible, for those phrases evidently import that God had made bad days and bad nights. A Christian was bound to face death itself rather than touch his hat to the greatest of mankind. When Fox was challenged to produce any Scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it is written that Shadrach, Meshech and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on ; and, if his own narrative may be trusted, the Chief Justice of England was altogether unable to answer this argument except by crying out, 'Take him away, gaoler.' Fox insisted much on the not less weighty argument that the Turks never show their bare heads to their superiors ; and he asked, with great animation, whether those who bore the noble name of Christians ought not to surpass Turks in virtue. Bowing he strictly prohibited, and, indeed, seemed to consider it as the effect of Satanical influence ; for, as he observed, the woman in the gospel, while she had the spirit of infirmity, was bowed together, and ceased to bow as soon as Divine power had liberated her from the tyranny of the evil one. His expositions of the sacred writings were of a very peculiar kind. Passages, which had been, in the apprehension of all the readers of the gospels during sixteen centuries, figurative, he construed literally. Passages, which no human being

before him had ever understood in any other than a literal sense, he construed figuratively. Thus, from those rhetorical expressions in which the duty of patience under injuries is enjoined, he deduced the doctrine that self-defence against pirates and assassins is unlawful. On the other hand, the plain commands to baptize with water, and to partake of bread and wine in commemoration of the redemption of mankind, he pronounced to be allegorical. He long wandered from place to place, teaching this strange theology, shaking like an aspen leaf in his paroxysms of fanatical excitement, forcing his way into churches, which he nicknamed steeple-houses, interrupting prayers and sermons with clamor and scurrility, and pestering rectors and justices with epistles much resembling burlesques of those sublime odes in which the Hebrew prophets foretold the calamities of Babylon and Tyre. He soon acquired great notoriety by these feats. His strange face, his strange chant, his immovable hat and his leather breeches, were known all over the country ; and he boasts that, as soon as the rumor was heard, 'The Man in Leather Breeches is coming,' terror seized hypocritical professors, and hireling priests made haste to get out of his way. He was repeatedly imprisoned and set in the stocks, sometimes justly, for disturbing the public worship of congregations, and sometimes unjustly, for merely talking nonsense. He soon gathered round him a

body of disciples, some of whom went beyond himself in absurdity. He has told us that one of his friends walked naked through Skipton declaring the truth, and that another was divinely moved to go naked during several years to market places, and to the houses of gentlemen and clergymen. Fox complains bitterly that these pious acts, prompted by the Holy Spirit, were requited by an untoward generation with hooting, pelting, coach-whipping, and horse-whipping. But, though he applauded the zeal of the sufferers, he did not go quite to their lengths. He sometimes, indeed, was impelled to strip himself partially. Thus he pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot through Lichfield, crying 'Woe to the bloody city.' But it does not appear that he ever thought it his duty to appear before the public without that decent garment from which his appellation was derived."

The extravagances of Fox were hardly greater than those of other dissenters of his day, the Praise God Barebones and Tribulation Holdforths of the Independent Party, all exhibiting the mistake of those who receive the Scriptures in a literal sense, and would found sects upon such literal interpretation. The Quaker sect has lasted long, because its bundle of extravagance and delusion has contained a great and preserving truth, a truth which is becoming more and more recognized, as the sect, with its uncouth dress, its thees and thous, its yeas and its nays, is

passing away into oblivion. Who shall say it has not performed a good work, aided it may be by those very mistakes which have ensured its dissolution.

It is said that when a congregation of Quakers were once assembled in a small square building now standing in Plymouth County, and were communing each with his own thoughts and inquiring of the evil that was in him, a stranger rode up to the door, dismounted, walked into the meeting-house and took his seat with the rest. In a few moments he rose and addressed the assembly in a manner so forcible and eloquent, with matter so suited to the occasion and to the audience, that the honest Quakers were filled with admiration, for he seemed to them almost to have dropped from the clouds, bringing with him a message for their especial benefit. As soon as he had finished his discourse the stranger walked out as abruptly as he had entered, mounted his horse and rode away. It was afterwards ascertained that the new preacher was a man of very extended reputation, although not in the particular in which he had figured on this occasion. His name was RUFUS KING.

I shall never forget a simple, honest and childlike Quaker, from one of the Western States, with whom I once travelled from Cincinnati to Pittsburg. On the day after our arrival we sallied out together to see what sights the coal-smoked city could afford. The principal if not only one appeared to be the Catholic

Cathedral, a large and imposing structure, built on the highest eminence in the city and overlooking the country in all directions. Seeing but one or two persons in the church, we walked in and strolled up towards the altar, which we had nearly reached, when some one in authority called out to my good friend to take off his hat. To this he of course objected,—when the official demanded if he would not take off his hat in the presence of God. Friend, said the Quaker, I thought we were always in the presence of God. No, said the other, not when you are in hell, and forthwith drove him out of the sacred presence. I made haste to join him, and we departed quite edified and instructed by the lesson we had received.

The Quaker, thought I, cannot carry his hat with him into the other world, but he may carry a pure and devout spirit, that will be more acceptable than burnt offerings, gilded altars, smoking incense, and all the tithes of mint, anise and cummin, which, without charity, are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.



FILLIBUSTERS.

HARDLY anything has happened of late in Washington more to be regretted than the recent attempt, in the Senate of the United States, to censure Commodore Paulding for seizing Walker and his confederates in Nicaragua, on the ground that such seizure is a violation of the law of nations. The Senate is supposed to represent the dignity, conservatism, experience, wisdom and learning of the nation, and to hold the highest rank among the representative bodies of the world. Who would have supposed that senators could have been found to accuse a naval officer, who performed only his duty, on the pretence that he acted contrary to the law of nations when he pursued a fugitive from legal process in Louisiana, and denounced by a proclamation of the President, and seized him and his confederates as they were about to make war upon a people with whom we are at peace ?

If the law of nations had been violated, it was for the aggrieved party to complain of it, and for no one

else. If the injured nation was satisfied, and even applauded and returned thanks for the protection afforded by Commodore Paulding, in whose mouth does it lay to say that he has violated the public law? If Nicaragua was willing that we should pursue those who were violating our own laws, as well as menacing the overthrow of her own government, and take them on her own soil, there can be no pretence, or but a mere pretence, of a violation of the law of nations, such as could never have been expected from a senator of the United States. Suppose the English government had permitted Commodore Paulding to pursue and seize upon a fugitive from our laws on the soil of Great Britain, is it probable that we should have had resolutions offered in the Senate condemning that officer because he had violated the law of nations?

That case would be precisely in point, and in all respects identical with the seizure of Walker and his men. Walker had been arrested and held to bail in New Orleans, while, with a great flourish of trumpets, the President issued his proclamation against all engaged in the proposed expedition. They were accordingly arrested and brought back, and all at once, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, Walker is changed from a criminal into a hero, and Paulding, who has so nobly carried out the wishes both of his own government and of Nicaragua, is to take the

place of the criminal whom he has overtaken and brought home. Such things can hardly be and not excite our "special wonder." They offend our common sense of justice, which is the basis of all municipal and public laws, and are not what we should expect from the highest and most dignified of our legislative bodies.

What is to be the fate of Central America it is not easy to predict. That it is to be a great central highway of the world there can be no doubt, and for that reason it can hardly be expected that the institution of African slavery can be transplanted to that region. Slavery exists only in repose, and a peaceful retirement, and such can hardly be expected in Central America. The present race of inhabitants in those countries are averse to slavery, and they must be exterminated before it could be planted. There seems little prospect, therefore, that the South would gain anything by the dangerous experiment of incorporating such a heterogeneous mass of material into the Union. We have already too much territory, and, what is of more consequence, we are losing the purity of our Anglo-Saxon blood, on which depends our capacity for the great experiment of self-government.

The English and their descendants seem to be, of all nations, the only ones fitted to exhibit, on a large scale, a capacity for a representative and constitu-

tional government. All other people lack something in temperament or blood, which will probably always require for them a strong monarchical or despotic government—such as the French now enjoy, and such as is no doubt best suited to their genius and national character. The English keep their blood pure. We, on the contrary, are becoming mixed up with all nations, who are flocking to our shores; and, as we lose the old Puritan blood, we shall become less able to perpetuate the Puritan institutions, less able to be a law unto ourselves. As we lose that respect for the constable, which is said to be the distinguishing characteristic of the English race, and the secret of its success in constitutional government, to that extent will our experiment become doubtful. We shall be in danger of losing the liberty, as we lose the blood, of our ancestors.

Hence it is that we should be in no hurry to incorporate into our Union the mixed, and therefore degraded, races of Central America. We have enough to fear politically from the infusion of German and Irish blood into our pure Anglo-Saxon stock, without seeking connection with the colored races of Nicaragua and Costa Rica. Mexico is now in ruins from the mixture of races, and has arrived at that point where only a despotic and military government will answer the wants of the people. Such is the case with Central America, and for the same reason such

will be the fate of all the South American nations, which were founded as republics, but which have ended or must end in despotisms.

We have no reason to suppose that the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, Russian, South American, Mexican or Central American nations can ever hope to live under a constitutional government, or without the restraints of a standing army. England has been compelled, for the last sixty or seventy years, to keep up a standing army for defensive purposes; but the English government, controlled by the predominating influence of Parliament, would stand firm and unshaken if the army was disbanded to-morrow. The same is the case with us, but is true nowhere else. The only hope for liberty on this continent, or in Europe, is in the pure English blood. When that fails, we may bid good-by to constitutions, and seek our only protection from the bayonet and sword.

It may be said that the Englishman himself is the product of different races. This is true, but they were equal and similar races from the same northern hive; nor, strictly speaking, can there be found in Europe such a thing as an unmixed race. A small proportion of Danish and Norman blood was infused into the original Saxon stock, and then, says a reviewer in the last number of the *North American*, "to the stubborn tenacity of the bull-dog was added

the spring of the tiger, and it is the union of these two characteristics which has planted the flag of St. George from the Falkland Isles to Hudson's Bay, and from Demarara to Shanghai." The original Saxon love of liberty and justice has survived this union, because the Saxon element has greatly predominated. Out of this fortunate mixture has grown a capacity for constitutional government such as no modern combinations have produced. All the other branches of the great northern family require, and will doubtless always require, a strong, if not despotic government. The insular position of England has no doubt contributed greatly to the development of those peculiar qualities which so distinguish the English mind.

The union of European blood with that of the natives of Africa and of North and South America is fraught only with ruin to both races. When these streams meet they flow, not to fertilize and produce a higher and better type, but to carry in their downward course barrenness and death. The same great laws which govern the different races of inferior animals hold equally true with the antagonistic and irreconcilable races of the human family. The wisdom of these laws it is not for us to question—it is sufficient for us to know that they exist. Not only are these inferior races to be avoided, but obviously, in a political point of view, we have much to lose

and nothing to gain from an amalgamation with the French, Italian, German, or even the Irish, all of whom may be, in some respects, superior to ourselves. In our race has fortunately been found the only combination of qualities which enable men to enjoy a rational liberty under the restraints of law. The great point is to preserve the present blood in its present purity; to secure what has been gained, rather than risk deterioration by mixture with other races even of similar stock. Hence it is that the enormous tide of emigration, constantly flowing in upon us, exposes our liberties to one danger from which the English are happily exempt. The capacity for constitutional or self-government is more rare in the history of the world than the fabled Phœnix, which came once in five hundred years. When that capacity has been found, we cannot be too careful to inquire whence it came, by what causes it was produced, how it is to be continued and made perpetual, and also how it may be lost.

My theory is that no training or education can fit the present nations of Europe for a constitutional government like that of England and our own. They lack the capacity of self-restraint which belongs to the cool, phlegmatic temperament of the Anglo-Saxon, and hence they require some one to restrain them. Their respective governments are those under which they are likely to live most happily, since they

are best suited to their capacity and their wants. Government changes constantly, and adapts itself exactly to the condition of the governed. Nothing could keep liberty from the Italians if they were in a condition to understand and enjoy it. They require a strong government, as does the French nation, and will, no doubt, for centuries to come. Can any one say that France is more free to-day than it was under Louis the Sixteenth? Certainly not. Frenchmen had no capacity for a constitutional government when they rushed wildly into the first revolution, nor have they any more capacity for such a government after a lapse of seventy years of convulsion, revolution and perpetual change. The characteristic traits of the French character remain the same; and however much they may excel in war, in literature, in science and art, they can never hope, until the course of ages shall make some great change in their physical temperament, to attain a practical knowledge of the science of politics—the art of self-government—which belongs only to the more favored Anglo-Saxon.

The universality of the monarchical form of government,—more or less absolute according to the subject's condition and capacity,—and its existence from the earliest time of which history furnishes a record, would seem to indicate that it was the most natural system by which the race had been governed.

Republics have appeared at intervals, to exist for a short time, and then to perish by excess of that very democratic element from which they sprung. Such was the fate of Greece and Rome, turned into military despotisms by the constant encroachments of the lower upon the better classes of society. It has often been asked what was to save us from a similar fate. The answer is, usually, that the Christian religion is what secures our modern Republic, by the new motives it inspires and the new sanctions it gives to well regulated liberty. It changes the face of society, and introduces a saving element unknown to ancient Greece and Rome.

Christianity failed, however, to save the Dutch Republic, nor is it wise to place too much confidence in the political efficacy of any system of morals or religion, even on the divine precepts of Christianity. The answer I should give to the question would be, that our experiment of self-government will be successful so long as it is in the hands of the descendants of those who commenced it on Plymouth rock. The more we amalgamate and mix up the Anglo-Saxon blood with that of foreigners, the more doubtful becomes the experiment. In this view, native Americanism presents the highest claims upon our attention. The American government should be exclusively in the hands of Americans. No foreigner has the slightest claim to a participation in our political

affairs. If we afford him an asylum and educate his children to become citizens, with equal civil and political rights, we do all he can ask and more than he has a right to expect.

In a political point of view, and as regards a capacity for self-government, our race has reached, perhaps, the highest attainable point. From this point it is more likely to fall back and deteriorate, than to advance and improve. The corruptions of luxury, the intermixture by marriage with other races, the thirst for conquest and an unlimited expansion of empire, should warn us, on both sides of the Atlantic, of the fate of all former republics, and the dangers by which a free constitution, like that of England, are ever beset. The English constitution seems founded on a rock, and perfectly secure,—if such can be said of any earthly institution,—yet it may fall by sudden convulsion or gradual decay. With us the elements of decline and ruin are still more active and more threatening, the greatest being, as I have suggested, that we shall lose those great qualities of prudence, sound judgment, cool and deliberate action, respect for superiors, love of order and of justice, and regard for precedent, love of home and of country, enterprize, with no lack of caution, and the highest courage without rashness, which distinguish our English stock, when we mix it up with those less favored by nature in those traits which

pertain to self-government, though far surpassing it, perhaps, in all that pertains to science, literature, and whatever tends to adorn and embellish the most polished and refined society.

The experiment of a Republic could never have been undertaken, with auspices so favorable as those which have attended it in this country. A small and chosen band of Englishmen, bearing with them principles of liberty, wrested by the Barons from King John, and confirmed and made perpetual by the Revolution of 1688, landed upon our coast and commenced the work of self-government. They bore with them the seed from the only people who possessed it, and had only to plant and water it until it should grow to maturity. The whole Continent was before them, and no principalities or powers to hinder or retard the progress of the work. The seed took root and sprang vigorously into a mighty tree, which has overshadowed all the land with its branches. Everything has favored its gradual but sure growth. The Revolution, which severed all political connection with the mother country, made no change in the local governments. Our present Constitution introduced no new principles, but only gave stability and vigor to those already known and long acted upon. We were born into a Republic more than two hundred years ago, and it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength.

It was not an importation or an imitation of other nations, but of native growth, and indigenous to the soil. To suppose, then, that another people, of different origin, character, habits and genius, inhabiting a different climate and a different soil, could copy from us and adopt successfully our institutions, is as wild a dream as ever entered into the mind of man. This was the folly of those who guided the French Revolution, and this was the mistake of our great statesman, Henry Clay, when he enlisted his influence and talents in favor of the South American Republics.

It is safe to conclude that the different governments of the earth are those which are best adapted to the wants, the capacity and the genius of the people who are subject to them. If such was not the case those governments would of necessity be changed, nor could such change be prevented by any amount of force. The people will assert and maintain precisely the amount of political freedom for which they are fitted, and which they can enjoy, and which, therefore, would contribute to their happiness.

The government is but a reflection of the people, and represents faithfully their condition, and no other government would be tolerated or suffered to exist. The Anglo-Saxon race finds its happiness in a free or representative government, which it is fitted to appreciate and enjoy, but it by no means follows that

such institutions would promote the happiness of those whose habits, tastes and capacities are widely different. Hence, we may see the folly of those Italian patriots, with Mazzini at their head, who are swarming in London and involving the English government in difficulty. The result of Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon, had it been successful, could only have been to substitute one military ruler of France for another. The idea of constitutional liberty in the presence of an army of four hundred thousand men is preposterous; and the idea of liberty separated from glory and military achievement it has never entered into the minds of Frenchmen to conceive of, still less to realize. Governments, says Sir James Mackintosh, are not made, but grow, and it has been truly said, that you may as well try to manufacture an oak tree as to engraft upon one nation the political institutions of another. Government of some kind exists among the rudest tribes, and becomes more necessary and more complicated as man advances in civilization and refinement. It is an instrument fitted for his use, a machine constantly adapting itself to the changes in human condition.

With occasional exceptions all governments are well administered, that is to say, they are administered according to the culture and genius of the mass of the subject-people, otherwise they could not long

exist by any amount of brute force. Whatever may be said of standing armies, governments find their main support in the hearts of the people for whose happiness they are designed, and so far as that happiness is dependent on kings, or courts, or legislatures, we shall find it pretty evenly divided throughout the world. What is meat to one may be poison to another. Our race finds its happiness in a Representative Government, but such a system is not without its evils, as, for instance, incessant electioneering and political wrangling, and the loss of social liberty, which, as suggested in a previous article on Public Opinion, is the consequence of too great political freedom.

The man who, of all other men that have ever lived, had the truest appreciation of liberty restrained by law was Washington. In him met and culminated all the virtues and noble traits of the Anglo-Saxon race. He was the bright consummate flower of a plant that had been for centuries maturing. The dream of poets and orators, who had declaimed for ages on the subject of liberty, was here realized. Here was seen the masterpiece of nature, in a union of physical and moral qualities as near perfection as the lot of humanity will permit.

If we wish to know whether our experiment of self-government is going on successfully or otherwise, whether the standard of public and private virtue is higher or lower than formerly, we have a simple but

certain and infallible test to guide us in our search. We have but to inquire how the name of Washington is received, his political principles adhered to, his advice sought after, and his counsels heeded. We have made many discoveries in science, but none in politics, since he died. All that is known to us of any value was known to him. The wide field of human conduct, as applied to political or public life, he had explored, and has left us the fruit of his labor, not in the shape of theory but of practical results.

Each one can apply this test for himself, and to assist him in his work let him read the *Life of Washington* by Washington Irving, who, in his enthusiasm for his great subject, has invested the dry details of history with all the charms of a romance. Let him listen, also, to the oration of our Cicero, who can find no higher theme, nor any nobler occupation by which to grace the close of his brilliant career, than to impress indelibly upon the hearts of his countrymen the image of Washington.

Reform of one kind or another is the order of our day, but of all reforms none are so dangerous as those which relate to our political institutions. They are the results of experience and the slow growth of centuries, and should not be made the sport of theories, however specious they may be. To innovate is easy; to reform, different. True reform can only take place by the most gradual process; so gradual

as is the growth of our bodies and the formation of our habits and characters, as to be almost imperceptible. What seems a desirable reform or change may introduce a virus of disease into the system, and lead ultimately to far greater evils than the one it attempted to remove. In this difficult work we should, in imitation of Washington, consult the past, and listen most reverently to the voice of experience. No theories of human perfectibility found favor with him. He judged of human nature as he found it, and wisely concluded that a course of action which had produced certain results would, in the future, be likely to produce similar results. He was no theorizer, no reformer, but, like Patrick Henry, took for his guide the lamp of experience. What a lesson he reads to this theorizing, restless and reforming age, anxious and ready to rush upon new and untried experiment, headlong, as it were, without regard to consequences, in pursuance of some impracticable theory. In our eagerness and haste to realize what, with our short vision, we think ought to be, we are too apt to forget what has been and what is. We overlook those great and inevitable laws which regulate both the physical and moral world, and which set up boundaries beyond which we can by no means safely pass.

THE SEA.

How little we realize of the riches of the sea. No man has fathomed its lowest depths, or gone down into the caverns of the ocean to behold the unknown treasures of the deep. We have only explored the margin or outskirts of this mighty realm, examined its edges which are within our reach, without the hope even of ever penetrating into the secret recesses of this mighty element, that covers more than half the globe and defies even the plummet to sound its most hidden abyss. The narrow fringe that skirts the shore is our only field of research and discovery. From this we must judge of the whole, and can only imagine the wonders that will forever lie hidden from our view.

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.”

The smallest flower that blooms in the desert may perchance attract and delight the eye of man. Mungo Park, exhausted and ready to perish amidst the burning sands of Africa, discovered, as he was about

yielding to despair, a little flower blooming at his feet, and took new courage from the thought that the Providence that caused the flower to bloom would not forsake him in his hour of peril, when human effort seemed of no further avail. Thus comforted he renewed his efforts, and owed his life to the smallest flower that blooms in the desert.

But what human eye will ever look upon the flowers that blossom thousands of feet below the surface of the sea? Were they made then for man, or intended in any way to promote his happiness? Colors as bright and as gorgeous are to be found deep down where the "purple mullet and gold fish rove," as in the cultivated garden or the Western prairie, yet they are not intended for the eye of man. We are forced to give up the idea, so pleasing, that the lower order of animals and all inanimate nature was made for man, and to minister in some way to his wants and his pleasures, to gratify his senses, his animal desires, or his love of beauty. If this were so, why were the countless forms of beauty created to exist and to die, far beyond the reach of human eyes, in the deep and inaccessible caves of the sea?

Man has diligently explored those parts of the sea which are accessible to him, and finds ample reward in the treasures he brings to light. No small part of his food is taken from the water, in the shape of almost innumerable varieties of fish, or of shell fish.

He lights his dwelling with oil, furnished by the whale, in pursuit of which "every sea is vexed with our fisheries." From the same source we have the whalebone, now doubled in price to answer the demands of crinoline. The humble oyster, clinging to the rocks off the Island of Ceylon, and even in the streams of our own New Jersey, furnish the pearls that adorn the heads and dresses of the fashionable and wealthy. Red coral beads, in which children delight, as well as coral ornaments for those of larger growth, come from the sea, and from the same Mediterranean is brought the sponge which serves so useful a purpose in the domestic economy.

The sea furnishes a vast variety of aquatic birds for our tables, seal skins for our use, the Iceland moss of which we make blanc mange, and the kelp with which we enrich our fields. The ocean is hardly less abundant in wealth than the land, and contributes in many ways to the comfort and happiness of man.

The naturalist finds the bottom of the sea crowded with animal and vegetable life, almost equalling in genera and species that which is found on land. You may now buy a rich and brilliant bouquet, picked from fields on which the sun has never shone, or enrich your cabinet with marine shells, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. The sea is one great storehouse of life, every drop filled with living beings invisible to the naked eye. Life and death are the

great laws of the universe. The shell fish fulfils his mission and gives place to his successor; so does the insect that lives but a day, and so does man, who stands at the head of animated beings, and whose little span is extended, at most, to four score and ten years. The same great laws govern the inhabitants both of sea and land. The sea itself has its limits, beyond which it cannot go, and so of the infinity of life it contains. Both growth and decay form the endless circle in which organic and inorganic life revolves.

Of all the inhabitants of the deep the fabulous serpent is that which most excites our curiosity. That there must be a vast many species of animals in the unknown depths of the sea, which no man has ever seen, we cannot doubt any more than we can doubt the existence of countless varieties of marine plants which no naturalist has ever or ever will discover. The existence of a serpent, corresponding in size to those found on land and to the immensity of the ocean itself, is what we should expect and deem almost certain, though we had never seen it. Every probability is in favor of its existence, excepting only the improbability arising from its having never been seen. Many declare, however, that they have seen it, and under circumstances that rendered it impossible for them to have been deceived or mistaken. These witnesses, too, are men accustomed to the sea, and to all the

sights which appear on its surface. The probability of its existence is thus vastly strengthened, since we have direct and positive testimony to that which, without testimony, we should expect and feel justified in believing.

We may conclude, therefore, that the sea serpent is not a fabulous animal, but that he exists and has a home in the profound depths of the sea, as the Boa Constrictor is found only in the forests of a few tropical regions. The habits of the serpent, like those of other animals, confine him to the deepest parts of the ocean, while he is, occasionally, from some unknown cause, found straying from his native haunts, out of his latitude, and exposed to the wondering eyes of man, from whom he quickly escapes, in obedience to the instincts of his nature, and retreats to his fathomless home. We know but little of the wonders of the deep. The sea, like heaven and earth, contains, no doubt, many things never dreamed of in our philosophy. We live on its shores and explore its secrets a few miles from land, but we know nothing of its immense and boundless depths that lie hidden forever from our sight. We are unable to grasp its immensity even in imagination. Of all objects in nature it is the most vast and the most incomprehensible,—“boundless, endless and sublime.”

1

THE SOLDIER.

“ Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble, reputation,
E'en in the cannon's mouth.”

THE soldier is a man of war, “of guns, and drums, and wounds, heaven save the mark!” and heaven save us from his horrid trade. Like the war-horse of old, he scenteth the battle afar off, and delighteth in the blood of his enemies. He goes upon the war-path, and, behold, the smoke of peaceful villages, the cries and tears of the innocent and the helpless, the fruits of long years of honest labor destroyed in an instant, and nature herself despoiled of her charms by the trampling of steeds and the feet of armed men. How ineradicable and how universal is the passion for war! How large a page of history is devoted to its annals! How has it overrun nation after nation, decided the fate of dynasties, setting up one in place of another, dethroning kings and emperors, establishing republics, and upon their ruins building monarchies; now, in the service of religion, compelling vast

regions to celebrate its rites, to be in their turn swept away by the same destroying power, and give place to a new worship, new prophets, and new rituals !

Various are the definitions that have been given of man. Some have described him as a fighting animal, his natural state being that of war. The latter definition will hardly be accepted by our modern Peace Societies, and yet, when we turn over the pages of history, we can hardly deny its correctness. What is the history of Greece and Rome but the history of incessant wars, and what is the early history of England and France but a perpetual succession of wars? What was the history of Frederick the Great, and of Bonaparte, but a history of war? What was the employment of our aboriginal tribes but the use of the tomahawk and the scalping knife? In all ages and among all nations the practice of war has been so universal that peace seems to have been an exceptional state, the main purpose of which has been to repair the exhausted energies of the combatants, and enable them to enter with fresh vigor upon the work of destruction. "In peace prepare for war," has passed into a proverb, as though war was the real work of life, and peace only to be prized as affording the necessary preparation for renewed and more fatal contests.

Whether or not war is to be considered the natural state of the human race, of one thing we may be

certain, that all the great reforms which mark its progress through the ages have grown out of revolution, and been achieved on the battle-field. The present English Constitution originated in the force which wrung from King John the Magna Charta, and was made secure and perfected by the revolution which placed William upon the throne of his father-in-law. This was all done by war, nor do we see how else it could have been accomplished. Our own liberties we owe to a long and severe contest. It was through a fiery and bloody ordeal that we passed from dependent colonies to an independent nation. "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem" is the motto of our own State, and it may be safely said that peace, whether of longer or shorter duration, has been due always to the sword. The goddess Liberty is born ever amid the din and carnage of battle ; her white robes are never free from the smell of fire, and she rewards her votaries only when they have buckled on their armor and risked their fortunes and their lives in her sacred cause.

When the Turks appeared before Vienna the Christian religion was perhaps saved by the sword. The rights of conscience have been asserted and maintained through long and bloody wars. Protestantism was made secure only by the sword. Puritanism arose and hewed Agag in pieces, and out of the little Puritan colony in Holland sprang a mighty nation in

these western wilds. So we see that Providence has worked out its greatest and most beneficent designs through the instrumentality of those fierce passions which belong in common to man and to the brutes that perish. These passions have their use, like the storm and the tempest, that destroy and lay waste the fair fields and the habitations of men, but leave for them a purer and more invigorating atmosphere. Out of evil good is ever induced, and, "better still, in infinite progression." When man's nature is essentially changed, but not till then, can we look for the time when wars shall cease; when "the wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

The soldier represents the warlike element in man, as the clergyman represents the peaceful and religious sentiment. The former is the sentinel, ever on the watch to protect our persons from danger, as the latter is the guide and guardian who warns us of the insidious attacks of temptation and sin. In our present imperfect condition we can no more dispense with one than with the other. The soldier should learn that it is not his mission to seek glory at the cannon's mouth, but justice; not to gratify an unhallowed ambition, but to relieve the distressed, to defend the weak, and succor the needy. His true model is not

Napoleon, stained with the blood of millions of his fellow-beings, but Washington, who never took life but in the cause of his country, of liberty and of humanity. Washington was a true soldier. He took up arms, not to elevate himself, but to defend the right, to assert the great principle of English liberty inherited as a birthright from those who landed on Plymouth rock. That accomplished, he asked not to be made king or emperor, but was content with the applause and gratitude of his countrymen. Before such fame as his, the lustre of kings and emperors, and the greatest of conquerors, shall fade and grow dim, as the farthing rushlight is lost in the bright meridian blaze of the king of day.



KANSAS.

WHAT dreadful images of murder, robbery, arson and border ruffianism are called up by the word Kansas. The ballot-box violated and its sanctity overthrown, presses thrown into the river, settlers flying for their lives, Sharp's rifles and United States' troops make up the swelling scene in this new drama, enacted on the borders of civilization, where, but a year or two since, the Indians and the buffaloes were the undisputed possessors of the soil. Where could such a spectacle be exhibited but in this land of emigration and of new settlements? In a year or two more the troubles in Kansas will be over, and a new State spring into life, destined, in a few years more, to rival in population some of the oldest States in the Union, and to send out, in its turn, a new swarm of emigrants towards the Rocky Mountains, and far beyond them to the shores of the Pacific. Thus it is that the star of empire takes its westward course. The waves of population follow hard upon each other until they have flooded the whole continent, from ocean to ocean.

Who would venture to predict the future of Kansas? Geographically, it is about the centre of what is to be the United States. The time may come, unless we become a prey to dissension and discord, the grave of the old republics, when the seat of government will be transferred from Washington to Lawrence, and a splendid capitol rise upon the log huts of the present city. Railroads, which now connect it with the eastern shore, will then stretch across the mountains to California and Oregon. The native tribes will have disappeared and gone to their last home. Their last remove will have been made. They will live no longer in terror of the pale faces, but in the presence of the Great Spirit, whom they have seen in the clouds, and heard in the wind, the rain and the tempest. Their battles will have been all fought, and they will no longer pursue the buffalo over the level prairies. The buffaloes themselves will have disappeared, and given place to the arts of busy life and the innumerable works of civilized man.

No longer, under the spreading beach-tree, will the Indian lover woo his dusky mate, or follow the war path or track the deer through the boundless forests. His race will have performed their mission, and answered the designs of that Providence which placed them here,—the first occupants of the soil, simple children of nature, wild, untaught and unteachable. Some compensation no doubt awaits them for the

sorrows and wrongs they have endured. They expect to find new hunting-grounds filled with deer and buffalo, and new rivers well stocked with fish. Let us hope they will find, if not these, something equally or better suited to their new condition, where hunting and fishing are unknown, and where there is neither war nor rumor of war.

After asking who dares predict the future of Kansas, I have ventured to imagine it the great centre and capital of an hundred or perhaps two hundred millions of people. This may seem to be the wild dreaming of a midsummer night, and yet the rapid increase of the country for the last twenty years, when we consider that this increase goes on in an accelerated ratio, gathering, like a snow-ball, strength as it goes, fully warrants us in our attempt at prophecy.

Not only the Irish, but the Germans and the Swedes are pouring in upon us, and seeking homes in what is now the far West, but which will soon be but a stopping-place, a sort of half-way house, where the western emigrant will halt for rest and refreshment. In five years or less, Lawrence will be an eastern city, and its inhabitants down-easters. A farmer on the western prairie will ask his neighbor if he is going down East, and engage him to buy his wife a dress at some of the splendid stores in the city of Lawrence, with plate-glass windows, brilliant gas-

lights, and half a score of clerks behind the counter. Luxurious hotels and gorgeous theatres will spring up like the palaces of old under the enchantment of some great magician. The style of equipage and decoration of houses in Chicago is already more luxurious and expensive than in Boston, and in a few years the capital of Kansas will vie in luxury and expense with the old and wealthy cities of the East. We have become so used to this sudden and almost miraculous growth, that we have ceased to realize it in its rapid progress, and still less in the wonderful future it contains.

Willis, one of the most charming essayists since the days of Charles Lamb, says of Boston that it increases, while New York seems rather to multiply; one goes ahead by addition, and the other by multiplication. By what term of arithmetic, then, shall we express the growth of Kansas? Mathematics, with its ratios and compound ratios, can hardly keep up with it; addition and multiplication toil after it in vain. It defies all calculation, and all our feeble attempts to grasp and comprehend it. All our old ideas of growth and progress are set at naught. We see the result, but hardly realize it, more than we can follow the lightning along the wires, that flashes the news to us from New York in what, without a figure, may be called no time. All we hear are the words, *Presto, change!* and behold a new State with

forty thousand inhabitants. While we old fogies are widening a few streets and building a few stores, new cities spring up in the wilderness to outshine and outvote us. What is to become of us under this new state of things it is painful to conjecture. It is probable we shall wake up some morning and find ourselves so far down East as to be no longer visible, and in the neighborhood of that peculiar locality—if place it can be called which place has none—styled, in the expressive language of the West, NOWHERE.



MONEY.

“Put money in thy purse.”

MONEY is said to be the root of all evil, but is also the source of all good. It belongs to civilized and not to savage life. It is the sign and the means of accumulation, and it is only when man begins to accumulate, that he emerges from a state of barbarism. Money stands, then, for all that improves the condition and cultivates the taste, the intellect and the heart of man. Without it we should remain but children of the forest, or the rude and ignorant cultivators of the soil, content to extract from it our daily bread, unmindful of the great ends of our existence, and of the cultivation of those high faculties with which we have been endowed by a beneficent Providence. There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty has given him understanding ; but, strange as it may seem, until the uses of money are known, and man becomes a hoarding and accumulating being, his divine spirit remains in a dark

prison house ; he roams through the wilderness uninstructed and unblessed by the arts of civilized life ;

“ Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,
And thinks, admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

To money we owe the accumulation of wealth, and to that we owe science and learning in all its branches, history and poetry, sculpture and painting, architecture and music, colleges and schools, churches and hospitals, law, medicine and theology ; in fact, all that adorns the life of man in a civilized condition, that develops his faculties and improves his heart. This great fact is but imperfectly understood. While we condemn the all-engrossing pursuit of money as an end rather than a means, we forget that it is, in truth, the great civilizer of the world. In our zeal to condemn its abuses, we forget what we owe to its use. Because wealth is often a misfortune to the individual who misuses it, or who becomes a mere machine for its accumulation, we forget that the great public must have the benefit of such accumulation, and that we owe to it whatever distinguishes us from the condition of a rude and barbarous people. The clergyman, who stands in a pulpit reared and supported by money, feels called upon to condemn the love of money as the root of all evil ; as if, without the love of money, there could be accumulation of wealth,

and as if, without wealth, churches could be built and clergymen supported. He fails oftentimes to leave upon the minds of his hearers clear notions as to the difference between the uses and abuses of wealth.

Too exclusive worldliness and love of money is to be regretted and condemned as injurious to the individual who thus gives himself up to its all-absorbing pursuit; but the community enjoys, in a thousand ways, the benefit of his accumulation, though it may be to him but a source of unhappiness. The pulpit should hold up the idea not only that money, that is, the abuse of money, is the source of all evil, but that money is in fact a source of all good, and should inculcate the duty of accumulation as the only means of improving the condition, cultivating all the faculties, and securing the moral advancement of man. This would place the matter in its true light, and do away with a perpetual conflict of duty in the minds of men, who, for want of due discrimination, imagine there is something wrong in the pursuit of wealth, even in moderation; who come to feel they are doing wrong when in fact they are doing right. Their pursuits and their consciences require to be reconciled, by showing them the necessity and importance of that for which they are striving.

The love of money is to be honored and not despised, to be encouraged and not condemned as something unworthy and degrading. It is the main spring

of society, to whose force all its movements are due. It underlies all the good influences to which we are subjected. It is the motive power that bears us along. It is the duty of man to be rich, but not to trust in his riches, to accumulate wealth that others as well as himself may enjoy the fruits of his accumulation ; but not to regard the mere possession of wealth as the greatest of all good to himself. He is to regard it as the most important of all means, but not, like the miser, as the great end of his existence. The wealth of the miser, however, contributes to the happiness of his fellow-men, though it may have destroyed his own power of enjoyment. Society will enjoy, in a thousand ways, the wealth which is to him but the source of a morbid anxiety, and who is made miserable by a perpetual fear of its loss.

SPIRITUALISM.

THE great wonder and mystery of our day is Spiritualism. Whence comes this strange apparition to confound and perplex our mortal race? Is it electricity, or magnetism? Is its origin from above, as is claimed by believers, or from the lower regions, as contended by the skeptics? Is it a new phase of witchcraft, or was witchcraft but a species of spiritualism, as is supposed by one of the most intelligent and truthful of its advocates? Was Christ divinely inspired to work miracles, or, as spiritualists say, was he only a superior medium, through whom those works were wrought? These are questions easy to be asked, but not so easily susceptible of a satisfactory answer. This, however, we know, that from whatever source it may come, spiritualism is here, in the midst of us, staring us in the face, and challenging our investigation into its strange phenomena of table-tipping, rapping, writing, seeing, and speaking mediums. It is upon us, and we cannot escape it. We may shut our eyes and it will come through our ears. We may close our ears and it

appears before our eyes, and compels us to look it in the face.

A priori, there seems to be no particular reason why, if, as we have been taught, our departed friends are hovering about us, they should not also have discovered some means of communicating with us. Perhaps much of our incredulity arises from our want of *real belief* in the actual existence of spirits in another world. Many of us believe, perhaps, much less than we think we do, and mistake a sort of intellectual assent, the result of education, for a firm conviction and undoubting belief. If such spirits do exist in the other world, there is nothing we know regarding the nature or form of their existence which can render the improbability of their intercourse with us so great as that it may not be overcome by a fair amount of evidence, either of our senses or from human testimony. We have not been told that they shall never come to us, but on the contrary have always yearned to hold converse with them, and to ask of them some tidings of that undiscovered bourne from which, in the flesh certainly, no traveller can ever hope to return. For aught we know, except from experience alone, they may have heard our entreaties, and come back to give us that assurance, comfort and consolation we require.

The common objection is, that if God had intended a new Revelation he would not have chosen agents

and means so mean and unworthy. But this we do not know, nor does it constitute any answer to the actual facts of spiritualism. What agents he might or might not have chosen it is impossible for us to say, and such a consideration goes not a step to disprove the phenomena, which are matters of investigation, and palpable to the senses. It so happens, however, that spiritualism is not claimed by spiritualists to be a Revelation from God, but that the inhabitants of the other world discovered a means by which they could hold converse with the inhabitants of this, just as Morse discovered the telegraphic process, and Franklin drew lightning from the clouds; indeed, I understand the invention to be ascribed to Franklin himself. Do we know anything of spiritual life which forbids us to believe in such a statement? We are educated in the belief that spirits in the other world, good ones at least, spend their time in singing and praising God, though it is not easy to see what gratification he could derive from an eternity of such praise; but, suppose they should be very differently employed, and, as appears by their statements, if they are to be received, that their time is passed very much as ours is here, that they have like passions with ourselves, that they exist in different states of advancement and probation, that they have never looked on the Deity, nor risen to the exalted sphere of Christ. I saw a communication the other day, in

which the spirit said he wished to be revenged on some persons here who had ill-treated his wife, and he supposed that feeling prevented his rising to a higher sphere, showing, if true, that he was far from being a glorified spirit, though by no means in such a place as hell has always been represented to us, but the existence of which all the spirits seem to unite in denying.

Is there, then, any reason, drawn from anything we know of another world, why we should not believe all this upon sufficient evidence ? The answer must be, that, for aught we know, it may all be true, and it becomes, therefore, merely a question of evidence. The true issue is this, and only this ; what kind and what amount of evidence is sufficient to satisfy us of the phenomena of spiritualism and of their spiritual origin, it not being claimed for them that they are supernatural, but that they take place by means of certain natural laws, unknown to us, and recently discovered by one or more spirits in the spirit world ?

Without having satisfied myself in regard to phenomena so strange and so unaccountable upon any theory of human agency, I am willing to inquire and to investigate whatever comes in my way. Whether these phenomena, the reality of which I cannot doubt, may hereafter be explained by the discovery of some law of our own human nature, now wholly unknown, is a question for time alone to determine. To imag-

ine such a law, which will account for the intelligent communications received through unintelligent objects, is certainly very difficult, and yet it may be so. Such is the only alternative to a belief in what is claimed by spiritualists, that these communications do come from another world. Imposture, carried on so long without detection, and by so many thousand people, many of them among the most respectable in society, would be far more remarkable than that spirits should be able to communicate, and must be thrown now entirely out of the question. The facts are so, and the only question is, what do they mean ? Do the voices come, as they claim, from another world, or are they, in some strange and mysterious manner, but the echoes of our own ? No evidence affects two different minds in precisely the same way. Some cannot believe the evidence of their senses, while others yield to it a ready assent. Some believe without seeing, while others see without believing. Some think as Hume did of miracles, that the improbability is such as no amount of testimony can overcome ; others think, and justly too, that human testimony is our best and most reliable authority. If six men tell me that, at a certain time, they witnessed certain phenomena, their testimony is, perhaps, more valuable to me than the evidence of my own senses, for they may deceive me, while the probability is very small that the senses of six men should

have been deceived at the same time. If we give up human testimony we give up that on which rests nearly all we know or believe ; we turn the past into a fable, and the present into a dream. The evidence for the miracles rests on the testimony of a very few men, who lived nearly two thousand years ago, while the evidence of the facts or phenomena of spiritualism rests upon the testimony of hundreds and thousands of men who are living and personally known to us. The evidence in the latter case is far stronger than in the former, and if we receive the one on the testimony of men who lived in a distant age, how can we reject the other when attested by a far greater number of men who are living in our own age ?

A book was published in 1855, called the "Healing of the Nations," by Charles Linton, who wrote under what was considered spiritual influence. To this work Hon. Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, late United States Senator, and Governor of Wisconsin, furnished an Introduction and an Appendix. The following testimony from Mr. Tallmadge, extracted from the Introduction, is entitled to consideration and respect:

"When these manifestations were first announced to the public as the 'Rochester Knockings,' like most others, I paid no heed to them ; they were so incredible and so marvellous, and not having the support of names known to me, that I passed them by as a delusion, and had no inclination even to investigate them.

This feeling with me continued till May, 1852, when I accidentally saw in a leading newspaper in the city of New York a communication of Judge Edmonds on this subject, copied from some other paper or periodical, and accompanied by the editor with remarks very severe and denunciatory of the Judge for the avowal of his belief in such an imposture and delusion. I had known Judge Edmonds intimately for more than thirty years—had practised law with him in our highest courts—had been associated with him in both branches of the Legislature of the State of New York—and also as members of the Court for the Correction of Errors. After my election to the Senate of the United States, he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court, and subsequently became a Judge of the Court of Appeals. I knew him as a man of finished, classical education, a profound lawyer, astute in his investigations and in analyzing testimony, unsurpassed in his legal opinions and in the discharge of his high judicial duties; and above all, I knew him to be a man of unimpeachable personal integrity, and the last to be duped by an imposture or carried away by a delusion. Under these circumstances I felt that I should do great injustice to him and to those with whom my opinions might have weight, and still greater injustice to myself, if I should longer hesitate to investigate the subject. I felt that however strange and improbable these manifestations

might appear, I could not, as an honest man, after they were thus vouched for on the authority of a responsible name, any longer, even tacitly, unite in the denunciation of them. I felt that something was due to human testimony—that testimony on which our belief in all things is founded—that testimony on which the Sacred Scriptures themselves have been handed down to us through a long series of more than eighteen hundred years, and without which we should have no authentic evidence of their existence. I felt that I should despise myself, and that I ought to be despised by others, if, without investigation, I should presume to express opinions against these manifestations after such authority for their truth. This feeling has been corroborated by my own experience; and I have looked on, ‘more in sorrow than in anger,’ at the thoughtless, flippant, and vapid assaults which have continued to be made, notwithstanding the manifestations have been piled up, ‘like Ossa upon Pelion,’ and backed by an array of names which would adorn the history of any science or of any cause. Under these impressions of duty I commenced my investigations, which resulted in a thorough conviction of the truth of spiritual intercourse, as will be more fully evinced in the course of these introductory remarks.”

I have spoken of the phenomena of spiritualism as things which must be regarded as fixed facts, without

venturing an opinion as to their nature or origin. So many have told me that from long observation they were convinced that these communications could come only from the other world, and, from my own observation, being wholly unable to account for them on any other supposition, I am quite unable to deny what is claimed for them by those most competent to judge of their character and origin. Time will no doubt throw new light upon what must of course seem to us so strange and unaccountable. We have supposed that all direct intercourse between the two worlds ceased when Christ ascended into Heaven; but as, in the natural world, the discoveries of Science have been shedding new and wonderful light upon what was before dark and unintelligible, so from the Spiritual world may come new light, by which may be solved the mysteries of a future state, making that certain which was before only hoped for, turning faith into sight, so that as before we saw only through a glass darkly, we may now see face to face before entering upon the future life, and come to know even as we are known.



THE ENGLISHMAN.

WITHOUT doubt the English are the wisest people now inhabiting the earth. No nation is so shrewd in discovering its own interests, or so steady in the pursuit of them. The English are no schemers or visionary theorists. They value experience more than untried experiment. They are cool, calculating, unimaginative, proud of home, fond of themselves, their aristocracy and their government. They love to walk upon the old ways, and are careful about removing the ancient landmarks. They do not reform hastily, at least at home, where they are most concerned and most easily affected by changes. They are naturally and wisely conservative, innovating only so far as they can see their way clear. Not given to enthusiasm and excitement, they pursue an even tenor, buy, sell and get gain until they make the world tributary to their great capital, the central point of wealth, refinement and luxury, where the four quarters of the world meet and do homage to the genius of this wonderful people.

How is it that we, their descendants, exhibit traits

so unlike those of our Norman and Saxon progenitors? With us, change is the rule, instead of being, as with them, the exception. We are eternally speculating and theorizing, averse to what is settled, and seeking always for something new, fond of experiment, and bent on reforming the world, especially that part of it which lies farthest from ourselves. We take a fancy to the theory of free trade, and follow it, until, like a jack-a-lantern, it leads us into a ditch. In our zeal to reform our southern neighbors we make ourselves the slaves of anti-slavery, and become most intemperate in the pursuit of temperance. To-day we are all know-nothings, and to-morrow all free-soilers. National pride, which in England glories in the honor, wealth and renown of the nation of which each one feels himself a part, is here dissipated by sectional jealousies and mutual distrust. Each pursues his own hobby, and strives to distinguish himself by some utopian theory or some new reform.

In the meantime, England remains as before, the "fast anchored isle of the ocean,"—fast anchored in her conservatism, patriotism and good sense. She chooses to dance and grow rich, that others may play the fiddle and grow poor. The Englishman knows on which side his bread is buttered. He is led aside by no theories, but pursues a straightforward course, turning neither to the right nor to the left. England

has protected her own industry until she can buy and sell half Europe if it is necessary, and control the destinies of half the world. She can afford to cry out for free trade, having no longer any fear of the introduction of foreign manufactures, and having no objection to the raw materials which she works up, or the grain and provisions that feed her operatives. The accumulation of capital in London exceeds anything known in the history of the world. Wealth is there piled up in heaps that astonish and bewilder the eye unaccustomed to such sights. London is the wrist where you may feel the pulse of the world, or rather the heart itself, which pours forth its living tide into the farthest extremities of the globe.

Literature, philosophy, poetry, wealth, refinement and luxury unite to make England the foremost among the nations. Everything that can cultivate the taste, improve the intellect, adorn and embellish social life, refine the morals and improve the heart, is there to be found in the greatest abundance and profusion. England is the chosen seat of science and of genius, and her great wealth commands the finest works of ancient and modern art from all parts of Europe. Wealth is power, and brings together, in a common centre, the material and intellectual products of the world. Commerce returns laden with the riches of the East and of the West; gold from California and Australia, teas and silks from China,

cotton and grain from America,—all flow in steady streams to the great central depot. A common bond of sympathy unites all classes of the English, from the throne to the day laborer. They exhibit a true nationality, and are never so well contented as when they are at home.

The difference between the English and ourselves grows out of various causes, one of which is climate, which, in its effects upon the system, greatly modifies national character; and another may be found in our institutions. The English constitution is conservative, and is upheld by a wealthy and necessarily conservative aristocracy, exerting much influence upon the opinions and habits of the people. Between the two orders there exists a feeling of mutual dependence and mutual respect, each kept in check, also, by the other, and prevented from running into extremes of radicalism or of conservatism. We lack this conservative element, so valuable in the English constitution. The tendency of universal suffrage and representative government is constantly towards democracy and radicalism. We have nothing but the reserved good sense of the people, and the notions inherited from our English ancestors, that can hold back and stem the onward march of change and reform, oftentimes misguided, rash and dangerous. The danger with us is, that unbounded liberty will degenerate into license. Our political freedom reacts

upon our social habits, and our moral and intellectual character. We feel free, also, to speculate and to theorize, to convert and to reform. Freedom from restraint, the consciousness of political power, together with the advantage of common schools, create an immense intellectual and moral activity. We are kept always on the stretch for something new, while demagogues are always on the alert to take the lead of a new party as soon as formed, and so ride into office on the backs of honest and unsuspecting men. One advantage which we enjoy over England lies in the superior intelligence and education of our mechanics and operatives. In England the mechanic is a machine, to do just what his father and grandfather have done before him. The American mechanic, who has been well educated, is himself a legislator and one of the sovereigns, and may aspire to any office in the gift of the people, is a very different person. He learns the Englishman's trade in a few months, and then invents some machine to save half the labor of it. He is a thinking, intelligent man, and not, as in all other parts of the world, but a mere workman.

A passage in the third volume of Lord Macaulay's History illustrates admirably those peculiar traits which give stability and permanence to the English constitution. Here we see that love of forms and that veneration for precedent which belongs to no other people; which makes sure of what has been

gained, and which stands fast by the old landmarks. We have here the key by which we can unlock the secret of England's success in the great experiment of constitutional government, and learn what it is that enables her to enjoy freedom without excess, and liberty without license.

General Schomberg had been selected, by William, to conduct the expedition in Ireland. Before setting out he had an interview with the House of Commons, which is thus described by the graphic pen of the historian :

“ The House of Commons had, with general approbation, compensated his losses and rewarded his services by a grant of a hundred thousand pounds. Before he set out for Ireland, he requested permission to express his gratitude for this magnificent present. A chair was set for him within the bar. He took his seat there with the mace at his right hand, rose, and in a few graceful words returned his thanks and took his leave. The Speaker replied that the Commons could never forget the obligation under which they already lay to his grace, that they saw him with pleasure at the head of an English army, that they felt entire confidence in his zeal and ability, and that, at whatever distance he might be, he would always be in a peculiar manner an object of their care. The precedent set on this interesting occasion was followed with the utmost minuteness, a hundred and twenty-

five years later, on an occasion more interesting still. Exactly on the same spot on which, in July, 1689, Schomberg had acknowledged the liberality of the nation, a chair was set, in July, 1814, for a still more illustrious warrior, who came to return thanks for a still more splendid mark of public gratitude. Few things illustrate more strikingly the peculiar character of the English government and people than the circumstance that the House of Commons, a popular assembly, should, even in a moment of joyous enthusiasm, have adhered to ancient forms with the punctilious accuracy of a college of heralds; that the sitting and rising, the covering and the uncovering, should have been regulated by exactly the same etiquette in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth; and that the same mace which had been held at the right hand of Schomberg should have been held in the same position at the right hand of Wellington."

The English have more stability, and we more activity. The Englishman is practical, and accepts only that which is for his interest. The American is theoretical, and will sacrifice his interest rather than give up a favorite theory. The Englishman preserves his reverence and love for the throne, lords and commons. The American professes no great respect for the powers at Washington, and no reverence for the President, unless he belongs to his own party. The

Englishman reveres what is old and venerable, while the American has no veneration except for the hero of to-day, who represents the reigning notion, whatever that may be, whether temperance, anti-slavery, democracy, americanism or republicanism. John Bull is a sedate, prudent, experienced and wise old gentleman. Jonathan is a wilful, headstrong and sanguine young man, who is wiser than those who have gone before him, seeks no aid from experience, and has no reverence for the past. He is a scion of the old stock transplanted into a different climate and soil, which affects the character of the fruit. The tree matures earlier in this new soil; let us hope that it is not, also, destined to an earlier decay.

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

Of all the triumphs of modern science and discovery, the Telegraph is the most wonderful, and but a few years ago would have been incredible. Had we been told, before the discovery of Mr. Morse, that in 1858 John Bull and his son Jonathan, enemies of old, rivals always, but now friends, would converse together across three thousand miles of ocean with as much ease as if they were in the same room, we should have regarded the prophet "clean daft," and a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. It would have seemed as strange as improbable, and as utterly impossible as the announcement recently made, that Franklin and his associates had discovered a mode by which the spirits of the departed could telegraph to those they had left behind them, and which may be the case, for aught we know to the contrary, either of spirits or of the world which they inhabit.

Our thoughts are to pass instantaneously through fifteen hundred miles of a small wire lying on the bed of the ocean. The birth of a prince or the selling price of stocks on the London Exchange will be known

to us, perhaps, long before it is known to the citizens of London. Through London, we shall send a message to Asia and receive an answer the same day. What would the Calcutta merchant of the olden time have thought of sending word to his correspondent in Calcutta, and receiving an answer in a few hours (as we may hope soon to do), the work, when he commenced business, of from twelve to fifteen months? The human mind almost sinks under the attempt to grasp or realize the idea. With all our familiarity with telegraph operation we do not realize it now. It floats vaguely and mythically in our thoughts. Not one in a thousand can explain the philosophy of what is now so common. We find it most difficult to believe in the evidence of our senses. Man has sought out many inventions, but this seems to be something superhuman, and altogether above our comprehension. There is a divinity in man, and the Spirit of the Almighty has given him understanding. How else can he realize the wildest of all the wild dreams of Shakspeare, and "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Suppose it had been told to that miracle of genius, whose thoughts, "glancing from earth to heaven," can alone be compared to the telegraphic miracle, that within three centuries from the time he wrote "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," the feat of *Puck* would actually be performed. He would have regarded such an announcement with

hardly less astonishment and incredulity than that with which we now regard the receipt of messages from the other world. A revolution in human affairs is at hand, such as the wildest dreamer has never dreamed of. The office of diplomacy of ministers and of consuls is well nigh at an end. The events of war are made to depend not so much upon the thunder of the cannon as upon the lightning of the clouds. Commerce is to be conducted under the ocean as much as above it. The whole world is to be turned upside down and wrong side out. A new era dawns upon human affairs, and no man can calculate or imagine the result.

In all the glorious results of a common brotherhood of man, in that which makes of one family all the nations of the earth, binding them together with an iron cable not three eighths of an inch thick, promoting peace and commerce, and banishing war by doing away with those diplomatic misunderstandings out of which nearly all war arises, we shall enjoy our full proportion with England and the rest of the world. Peace, we are told, has her victories, but the greatest of all victories of peace, and the greatest victory *for* peace ever yet achieved, is the Telegraph. Nothing settles disputes so quickly as a prompt and mutual understanding, without the delays of weeks and months to aggravate the sore which the telegraphic lance pricks on its first appearance, and thus saves all

further trouble. The Peace Societies of the world should erect to the inventor of the Telegraph a monument as high and as enduring as that which stands on Bunker Hill. He has done more for the cause of peace than they could have hoped to achieve in a thousand years of the most untiring exertion.

But if we regard the Ocean Telegraph as a matter of dollars and cents, we shall probably find that England, being the great centre, will reap the lion's share. Not only so, but that we shall be large losers by means of this cable, which we have sent our "Niagara," to assist in laying down. Under our present tariff system, we are already too near England, and whatever brings us nearer must enure to her benefit and our loss. A fortnight will be saved in the return of orders sent out to England for goods, and this will operate just so much against our own industry. It will afford additional facility for British agents, who are our principal importers, to watch the markets and flood us with foreign goods. It will make it so much the more difficult for us to compete with them, and injure us by just the time saved by the telegraphic wire, and that is about one half. Thus all great discoveries for facilitating the intercourse of nations enure to the benefit of those who have been wise, at the expense of those who have been foolish. We might have been in a position to have reaped as much benefit from this wonderful discovery as England, but we have

placed ourselves in such a position, that while she dances, we shall have the satisfaction of paying the piper. Of this great and glorious satisfaction we may be sure. Let us hope that what we are to lose in wealth may be made up to us in some other way, though, excepting in our diplomatic intercourse, it is not easy to see in what that way will be. Our merchants will have earlier intelligence of their vessels, and of the markets for freights, but whether that will increase their profits is by no means certain. The truth is, beyond a shadow of doubt, that the nearer you bring two nations, situated relatively as we are to England, the more you benefit the centre, and the more you reduce the extremity. We could have been a centre ourselves had we chosen, but we have not so chosen, and must be content to go to the wall as the weaker vessel. We must be a sort of suburb of the great metropolis, for such, under our present system of duties, the Telegraph will make us. As we have sowed we must be contented to reap. This is the great law, and from that law we can hope for no exemption.



CALIFORNIA GOLD.

JUNE 20, 1857.

ONE of the most remarkable discoveries that has ever surprised the world was that of the immense gold fields of California. All the gold found by Pizarro and his followers sinks into insignificance in amount compared with that annually poured out upon the world from the placers of California. A new empire rises on the Pacific. The two oceans are joined together by iron bands. All nations flock to the new El Dorado, and the Anglo-Saxon race rushes across the Rocky Mountains and round Cape Horn, to take the lead, to control, to guide, and reap the advantage of the new enterprise. In an almost incredible short space of time a new State is added to the Union, and roads projected to join it to the great Confederacy. Truth, says a French writer, is stranger than fiction, and surely no fiction comes up to the wonderful reality we have witnessed. Gold has become more plentiful than ever entered into the wildest dream of the Arabian Nights. The touch of

Saxon enterprise and labor has converted the fields and rocks of California into gold, more abundant than has ever rewarded the magician's wand, and far outshining all the wealth of "Ormus or of Ind."

It is said that the first discovery of this precious metal in California was made by one of the scientific corps in Wilkes' exhibition, and witnessed by a Lieutenant in that expedition, whose home is separated from us only by Charlestown bridge. Time was wanting, however, for a full verification of the discovery, and the vessel sailed with only a small specimen of yellow earth, which but a year or two later was to fill the world with wonder, and the heads of thousands with golden visions of untold wealth. But few of those visions were ever realized. Hard labor, hard fare, and a broken constitution, were the only results to the great majority of those who "made haste to be rich." Such is the great law enacted from the beginning, and from this law the gold fields of California permit no exemption. "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread," is still the great law, and this law holds as well in the land of gold as in the ploughed field. There is no royal road to riches, even when the rivers and the earth teem with the yellow dust. Labor, which converts all things into gold, is nowhere more severe than where the gold itself is digged from the bowels of the earth.

A natural inquiry arises, what advantages are we to derive from this wonderful discovery? Are we to be made richer or poorer by it? Is it to be made a matter of rejoicing or of regret to us? Who is to be benefited by it? the gold-digger on the plains of Sacramento, or the merchant in Wall or State street? That a new Empire is to arise on the shores of the Pacific, and a new impetus given to commerce throughout the world, is certain, and the results of this great revolution in human affairs no man can calculate, or perhaps over-estimate, but, so far as we have yet experienced, it may well be doubted if we have reason to congratulate ourselves on this great discovery of our age. The thousands who are engaged in digging the precious metals in California may be considered as engaged in an unproductive employment, and one which can never enrich the State of California itself. Until agriculture and manufacturing are introduced, that State must remain poor, with all its mines of gold. The gold that is dug from the mines adds nothing to the wealth of a State which can retain but little if any of it. Nor, under our present tariff, can we retain it on its arrival at New York. It goes to the great manufacturing centre, London, to pay for goods that we might make at home, but which we prefer to buy of the foreigner, and to pay him the manufacturer's profit.

But apart from the last consideration, it may be

doubted if the enormous amount of gold received from California has added anything to the wealth of the world. The effect has been only to lessen the value of gold, and enhance that of all other articles. We are therefore no richer than before, and if, instead of feeding and clothing the thousands in California who are employed in digging gold, we fed and clothed them to break stone for macadamizing our streets, we should be gainers to an almost equal extent with that now realized. The labor in which they are employed is for the most part unproductive, as much so as if they were employed to carry stones from one place to another, and then carry them back again. They create no wealth, but only help to depreciate the value of that by which wealth is represented. The "*auri sacra fames*" has and will always be a ruling passion of man, but gold is something which can be neither eaten nor drank, nor worn upon our backs. Nor is it like iron, of important use in the arts, though answering many purposes of ornament and luxury. However prolific therefore may be the gold fields of California, neither that State nor the world is likely to be materially enriched thereby. If those employed in digging gold in California were employed in digging iron in Pennsylvania they would be doing far better service to the world and to themselves.

In another view, however, the discovery of California gold may be considered a great misfortune to us.

It has afforded a delusive appearance of prosperity, and enabled us to pay up our balances with England, which, since the tariff of 1846, have been almost always against us. But for this supply of gold we should have been—if we may judge from the history of former years—under that tariff, bankrupt years ago, and we should then have applied the remedy, and the only one, of protecting our own manufactures, as was done in 1842. The result would have been, that we should, to-day, have been far better off than we now are, or can be, should the receipt of gold be doubled in quantity. We should be creating real wealth, instead of relying on what is unreal and fictitious. Instead of playing into the hands of England, we should have had the game in our own hands. Far better for us as a nation would it have been, if the gold fields of California had been sunk in the ocean, deeper than ever plummet sounded, rather than they should thus have helped to avert a catastrophe which would otherwise have happened long ago, and left us in a condition to see our mistake in season, and to rectify it, before we had lost more millions than California, under the present system, can ever restore to us, should all her sands be converted into the finest gold.



FREE TRADE.

1855.

FREE TRADE produces nothing; it makes nothing; it creates no wealth, not a particle of it; it develops no resources. It simply exchanges the wealth of one nation for the wealth of another. That is all. Most useful to be sure, it is, but in the use that is made of it by our modern politicians, a greater fallacy was never broached. If the two nations were on an equal footing, free trade might answer for both parties, though it would add no wealth to either. If the two parties are not on the same footing, as is the case with England and ourselves, then it is obvious that the principal share of the advantage belongs to her.

Let us take an example: I am a farmer, and raise wool, and having concluded to send three thousand miles to have it made up into cloth, I send, say two pounds of it, to be made into a yard of broadcloth. The broadcloth, when done, having employed some dozen operatives in the different processes of its manufacture, each of which pays a profit, is worth say

three dollars and fifty cents. The two pounds of wool are worth say one dollar. I have then to pay two dollars and fifty cents more for the manufacture. I find that I have only four pounds of wool left, so I send that and fifty cents in cash, which is all the spare change I can raise, and if I find it not convenient to raise the money, give my note for it.

The four pounds of wool are taken by the manufacturer and worked up into two yards more of cloth, which he sells for seven dollars; making in all eleven dollars as the result of my fifty cents cash and six pounds of wool, for which I get three dollars, taking pay in broadcloth. I have the yard of cloth, however, and I feel greatly pleased with it, as was the vicar's son Moses with the gross of spectacles with shagreen cases. This free trade I think is a grand thing. My neighbor's broadcloth mill may now go down, and welcome, for all I care, since I can do better than to look to *him* for what I require to clothe me.

As time rolls on, however, I find that I am each year less able to furnish the wool and the money, because, by withdrawing my support from my neighbor's mill, I have cut off my own supplies, by destroying the only market I had for all the rest of my produce. The foreign manufacturer, I find, will take my wool, but not my potatoes or my turnips, my butter or my beef, nor my squashes, or pumpkins,

or apples, or hay, my poultry or my pork, all of which I could sell to my neighbor when his broadcloth mill was running, while the shoes that I made up in the winter were needed by the workmen, about a hundred of whom are now unemployed, and of course cannot buy of me, nor of any one else. I find that I have made but a bad bargain of it, and that it would have been far better for me to have paid my neighbor a little more for his cloth for a short time, thus enabling him to get under weigh, after which he could give me a better and cheaper article than I have purchased abroad, pay me a good price for my wool, and take his pay for the labor he bestows upon it in *my way*, so that I could sell my produce and keep my fifty cents in my own pocket, which would help me to buy a turkey for Thanksgiving dinner.

My neighbor, 'Squire H., who has set all our folks by the ears upon the subject of free trade, told me I should buy where I can buy cheapest; but I find that what seemed cheapest at first turns out to be dearest in the end, and that I am very much in the condition of the Irishman, who said he could buy potatoes in his own country for ten cents a bushel, the only difficulty being that he could not get the money to buy them with.

This is free trade, and it would seem to require no argument to show which party is getting the benefit of it. This is the new theory that is recommended as

a substitute for our former practice of protecting and cherishing our own industry, and depending on home-made goods for our use and consumption—thus keeping our money at home. We are advised, especially by those who are in the interests of England, to do away with those restrictions that hamper trade. England, having protected her industry until she fears no competition from us in what constitutes the great source of her wealth, opens her ports and invites us to free trade, which means, only, freedom to send our produce, when she cannot buy it elsewhere, and take in return her iron, cloth, and other articles which issue from her great laboratory of wealth. She offers us a dangerous gift. “*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,*” (I fear the Greeks when they approach us with gifts,) was the warning of Laocoon to the Trojans, when the Greeks proffered the gift of a wooden horse filled with armed men. His counsel was not listened to, but the sons of Troy, pleased and delighted with the gift, set themselves to work, and soon the fatal horse ascended the Trojan walls, though four times the clash of arms was heard to issue from its hollow sides; and so fraud accomplished what force had failed to do.

We may find the gift of free trade somewhat like that of the Trojan horse. We have warning, if we will listen to it. The clash of arms comes to us from the hollow sides of free trade in the shape of twelve

million dollars sent abroad for railroad iron, to make which would have employed thousands of our own people, built up forges, and developed the rich mines that lie scattered over the country ; it comes to us in the shape of nine million dollars for cutlery, twenty-four million dollars for iron and steel, five million dollars for lead, and seventy-eight million dollars for dry goods. It comes to us from Rhode Island, where the last broadcloth mill has closed its doors ; and from the city of New York, where the laboring classes are holding meetings, and calling for employment, which they cannot find, and the merchants looking out for every mail to bring accounts of protested notes and heavy failures. We are so closely connected and dependent on each other, that no great interest can suffer without dragging down others in its train, reminding us (to continue the figure) of those lofty palaces of ancient Troy, fired by the treacherous Greeks :

“The Palace of DEIPHOBUS ascends,
In smoky flames and *catches on his friends.*
UCALEGON burns next.”—

An efficient tariff would soon put a new face upon every interest and upon every business man, for there is hardly any interest that does not require it. Confidence would spring up to take the place of that distrust and apprehension of the future, which has

hung like a leaden weight upon the country for the last five or six years, during all which time we have read over and over again the same old story of better times coming, but which have never come, and never will come until we go to the root of our difficulties, and adopt a policy that will place us on some footing of equality with our great commercial rival, who is crippling us and draining us of our resources; until we remedy that fatal mistake of 1846, when we checked the growth of our rising manufactures, while we have been pouring out our millions to sustain those of foreign nations.

Having beaten John Bull in a fair fight in the field and on the sea, it would be a little remarkable if he should overreach us in a *trade*, and we find ourselves not quite so shrewd as we have the credit of being; if, by means of his agents at Washington, New York, or Boston, assisted by visionary theorists of our own, he should succeed in blinding our eyes with the false lights of free trade, so that we can no longer see the things that pertain to our true growth and national independence.

The truth is, we could easily employ millions of laborers more than we have in developing the boundless and unequalled resources of the country, if we were wise enough to reject the fallacious theories of free trade, and return to what is called the *exploded doctrine* of protecting ourselves.

FREE TRADE.

1855.

IN a former article, I have taken, to illustrate the operation of free trade, the case of the farmer who sent abroad his wool and took broadcloth in pay for it. There are many ways in which the same thing may be shown.

Take for instance the case of a shoemaker and a hatter, and suppose the duty on foreign shoes and hats to be thirty per cent., making, with freight and charges, fifty per cent. protection on those articles. The hatter pays his neighbor six dollars for a pair of boots instead of four dollars, but he sells to the shoemaker a hat for six dollars, instead of four dollars. Each pays the other fifty per cent. more than the cost abroad, but neither of them could buy the foreign article at the less price, having nothing to pay for it with. They can pay each other, and what the one pays more for a hat in consequence of the tariff, the other pays more for the shoes. Both parties are gainers of course, because they have employment,

create wealth, build up their neighborhood, educate their children, and support the minister.

Suppose, however, we have no tariff, and the foreigner sends over his hats and his shoes at four dollars a pair. The shoemaker and hatter can no longer work at their trade, and cannot of course buy the foreign hats or shoes, however cheap. What then can they do? Turn farmers. Very well. Suppose we all turn farmers, who will buy our produce? The foreigner will not take it in exchange for his shoes or hats, except our cotton which he cannot do without, and some of our grain at a price that must compete with the almost pauper labor of the Provinces on the Black Sea, or the Baltic. Of the great variety of the farmers' produce the foreigner will hardly take two or three articles, and who is to buy the rest, since all other mechanical pursuits have shared the fate of the hatter and shoemaker, and of course are no longer consumers to the farmer, but producers themselves?

It is said, however, that a man who makes neither hats nor shoes loses by the tariff, because he could buy cheaper abroad. But who is he that could buy cheaper abroad? Is it the minister or schoolmaster, who rely on the hatter and the shoemaker for their salary, or the mechanic who is building them a house, or the storekeeper who sells to them, or the workmen they employ? How are all these going to buy abroad, if the very act that gives them the opportunity

thus to buy, destroys the business of those on whom their living depends?

It must not be forgotten, also, that the hatter and shoemaker, having a fair chance for the exercise of their ingenuity and skill, soon invent labor-saving processes, and by accumulation of capital bring down the price of hats and shoes to five dollars, and finally to four dollars, as is the case now with some of our coarse cottons. This is the result, then, of our protection, and, in the process of realizing it, we have built up villages and cities all over the country.

This argument holds with every pursuit and calling in the country, North and South. Suppose the cotton-planter pays for a time twelve cents per pound for cotton cloth instead of eight. He is paying it to his neighbors, who are building mills and creating wealth, who are helping the price of his cotton by giving him two markets instead of one, and helping those that will give him a home and a sure market for such other articles as his plantation produces. The fact is, however, that after a time he has all these advantages, besides actually buying his cotton cloth cheaper than he could ever have obtained it but for a protective tariff.

A tariff is a very simple process for putting us on an equal footing with those old countries that have so perfected their manufactures, and have labor so cheap, that they can undersell our manufacturers or

mechanics in our own market. Of course our first step should be to find some such process, because on these interests depend our wealth. We find a very easy way, and a perfectly just one, which is to keep out the foreign goods for a while, and give to our own people our home market. If A has to pay a nominally higher price for a hat in consequence, he also gets a nominally higher price of B, for a pair of shoes which he makes, and so on through every trade and pursuit. It is clear that this is no hardship to any one, but a great gain to all, in every point of view that can be taken of it. That a measure so necessary for our protection, and so simple and perfectly equal and just in its operation, should have been misunderstood, can only be accounted for by the fact that, for one reason or another, great pains have been taken to confuse the public mind on the subject.

A tariff is represented as unequal, especially by the cotton planter, and one reason given is, that he pays more than his share of the public tax which is raised out of protective duties. But he pays this tax only on such foreign articles as he buys, and the consuming power of the South, especially for foreign luxury, is very small, compared with the North. It would take several Slave States to consume as many articles of foreign luxury as the City and State of New York. The South pay perhaps less than their share of the public burden, rather than more.

So long as we buy of each other and so build up ourselves, it is of little consequence what prices we pay as compared with the foreign prices, because we are all moving together and growing rich together; but when we undertake to go abroad and neglect our neighbors because we can buy at a nominally less price, we commit the greatest mistake, because we thus diminish our ability to buy at any price. We can much better afford to buy of our neighbors who patronize us, at six dollars, than of the foreigner at four dollars; and so we shall soon find that we have entered upon a course that must make us poor. There can be no doubt of this, and the wonder is that it should require to be argued to a man of common intelligence, of common shrewdness, in looking out for his own interest.

A protective tariff is a matter not only of choice and expediency, but of necessity, in view of our youth and of the progress other nations have made in the arts, and it is to us, now, a question of self-defence; but not only so: it is a question of the highest expediency, and I have no hesitation whatever in asserting that the doctrine of free trade is a fallacy and a delusion, viewed as an abstract question, and without any reference to the existing state of things.

Suppose all nations were on an equal footing and starting again in the race, what would be the policy of each? Most certainly the very first thing to be

done would be to secure the foundation of national wealth and strength in the only way it could be done, that is, by protecting and building up each for itself its own industrial pursuits, mechanical and manufacturing. That done, other things would take care of themselves, questions of currency would settle themselves, as of banking and of credits, commerce would flourish by carrying, not for a poor producing country, but for a rich one, such articles as could not be produced or made at home. This is the true use of commerce, or we might rather say it is the condition of its existence. No poor people ever had or ever can have a flourishing commerce. The two things are of course contradictory and incompatible.

Free trade, then, in the common use of this term, is false and fallacious, not only for us in our present condition, but it is so as a theory, to be adopted if we were to begin anew, if such a thing were possible. It is false every way, and has no foundation whatever, except in the brains of speculative philosophers ; and yet it is urged, for one reason or another, upon the most practical people the world has ever seen, and by many of them accepted as it were in very contrast to themselves, their lives, pursuits, and everything that belongs to them.

Such incongruities might surprise us if our nature did not constantly exhibit them in a great variety of shapes. One half of the voters in Lowell are made to

believe that it is for their interest to vote against their employers, and against a policy without which Lowell would have had no existence, and New England not half its present wealth and population. The most practical man is often the most speculative in his philosophy, and will be found advocating a course exactly the opposite to the one he applies to his own affairs, and in direct opposition to his interests. Such seems the only philosophical account of the rise and progress of the free trade doctrine among a people to whom free trade is ruinous to just the extent in which it is adopted, and inures only for the benefit of our old enemy, who has furnished the staple of our political harangues, and against whom we have launched our fourth-of-July thunders, for the last half century.

Unfortunately for the last twenty years, our policy seems to have been not to create but to destroy; not build up but to pull down. This has been done with the idea of breaking down monopolies as they are called, and destroying the influence of capital.

The result is just the reverse of the one anticipated. To destroy capital is to destroy labor, and as the country is made poorer, the distinction between the capitalist and the laborer becomes greater, and the chance for the latter to rise above his condition becomes less. This is the inevitable result of hard currency and free trade doctrines, the former shutting the door to the

young man with no capital, thus leaving the field open to the capitalist, and the latter destroying the means by which the poorer classes were enabled to accumulate and become gradually independent.

The credit system, against which we have heard so much for the last few years, is the breath of life to the man of moderate means; but the capitalist has no need of it. He can do without it, and his money becomes of more value to him, and gives him greater influence and power in proportion as the rising competition of credit is destroyed. In such a state of things the rich become richer, and the poor poorer, and power is added to wealth, instead of being taken from it, by the very means that were taken to produce the opposite result. One of the great arguments for the destruction of the United States Bank and erecting the Sub-Treasury upon its ruins, was, that it would tend to break down the credit system. So far as it has had that effect, just so far has power been added to the capitalist and taken from the poorer and laboring classes. "Save me from my friends," however honestly they may have acted, may well be said by those classes, in view of our free trade and hard currency legislation, which was designed for their especial benefit, but which inures to the benefit of interests very different from their own.

That we may see, temporarily, better times and an easier money market, than at present, there is no

doubt, but if I am not mistaken, as soon as money becomes easy, away will go orders for foreign goods, or they will be sent over on manufacturers' account; exchange will rise and specie go forward, as we have seen it for the last two years, bringing back the same state of things we have had, and it will be fortunate for us if it be not worse. We may keep from sinking by constantly pumping out the ship, but it would be wiser for us to stop the leak which has been for some time gaining upon us.

It is said to have been remarked by Sir Robert Peel, that in England he should be in favor of free trade, but in this country he should of course favor protection. A very honest confession, which contains in fact the sum and substance of the whole matter that we have discussed. A sober second thought will, it is to be hoped, bring us to understand our own interests, at least as well as they were understood by that eminent English statesman.



THE HARD TIMES.

SEPT. 17, 1857.

THE minds of many men are so constituted that they can be aroused only by the most violent means, and by events which bring home to their pockets the convictions which, to others, might have been the plain and simple conclusions of reason and common sense. It is natural to man to deceive himself, and to glory in his self-deception ; to adopt some delusive theory, and to be unwilling to be awakened from his pleasing dream. He is angry with those who would undeceive him. His self-love is wounded, his pride is mortified, when he is told that his favorite theory is based upon nothing, and is more unsubstantial than the baseless fabric of a vision, which vanishes and leaves not a wreck behind. He is willing to lose and to suffer, rather than give up his cherished opinions. The time comes, however, when he must give them up, or give up the reasoning faculty with which he has been endowed. He must admit that he has been deceived and deluded, or else that he cannot

rely on the evidence which is plain and palpable to his senses. Such has been the condition of many who deluded themselves with the theory of free trade. They have long suspected that they had taken the wrong path, and one that was leading to individual and national bankruptcy, but they have hoped that their suspicions might be groundless, that their pride of opinion might be saved, and that they might not be compelled to give up their cherished notions about adding to our wealth by foreign importations, and by exporting our gold and similar absurdities. The time seems coming, if not already here, when the value of such theories is to be tested, and when the great balance-sheet of the last ten years' work is to be footed up. We shall know before long how rich we have grown under a low tariff of duties, and how favorably the tariff of 1846 has operated for the country, as we have been told in our last two Presidential messages.

Thus far the stockholders in our various manufacturing establishments have principally suffered by the flood of foreign goods, having been unwilling, as well as unable, without greater loss, to stop work, and thus throw out of employment thousands of operatives. Many of these operatives, if not a majority of them, have voted constantly against their employers, and against their own pockets, as they are now beginning to see. The pressure has at last

reached the laboring man, after having been borne by his employer at the expense of half his property. Mills are now stopped, or run on short time, which brings the matter home to those most of all depending on a protective policy, but who have supposed they could gratify their jealousy of employers by voting against it, and that their wages would continue without diminution, whether money was made or lost by those who paid them.

The following very pertinent and timely suggestion is taken from an article in the New York Tribune of September 9th, in which the editor discusses the sad condition of our financial affairs, together with the cause and remedy for it :

“There is one other point on which the present stringency should teach us. Our current political economy asserts the perfect inconsequence of what is termed the balance of trade, and accounts gold and silver no more desirable to a community than merchandise of equal value. Nay, we often hear it affirmed that the importation of food, clothing, wool, sugar, &c., is preferable to that of money, since the former contribute directly to the sustenance and comfort of a people, while the latter has no fructifying power, and but an arbitrary and conventional value. Now, suppose we had a well-grounded assurance that the thirty odd millions of specie we have exported since January last was all on its way back to us, to

purchase our produce, our unemployed ships and steamers, our surplus of wheat, corn and meat of this year's production, who would not rejoice at the news? Who would not hail it as a harbinger of better days—a green olive-leaf, indicating that the deluge of bankruptcy had been stayed? Who does not realize that the natural and gradual influx of these thirty millions, in payment for our products,—that is, for our labor,—would be worth to the country **very many millions?** What is the policy calculated to set the current of specie flowing toward our shores again?"

It is difficult to understand how any one can reflect, for a moment, on the present condition of business in this country—the decline of our manufacturing stocks, and all other stocks excepting those depending on the loan of money, the depression of our real estate out of the vicinity of State Street, the decline of enterprise and the general feeling of distrust and apathy which has so long pervaded the community—without attributing these things to their real cause, our excessive importations for the last ten years. We have paralyzed ourselves in the attempt to keep up and pay up our foreign balances, and nothing but California gold has saved us from bankruptcy. A constant flood of emigration has also kept us up, and helped give us the appearance of prosperity. Deceived by these appearances, many have been found

to say that we have been prosperous, because we have not failed altogether, without reflecting on what we might have been and ought to have been, but for the reasons I have suggested.

This cry of prosperity, which has been occasionally heard of late years, reminds one of a passage in a speech delivered by the Rev. Sydney Smith, about thirty years ago, at Taunton, when the subject of reforming the rotten borough system was under consideration.

“They tell you, gentlemen, that you have grown rich and powerful with these rotten boroughs, and that it would be madness to part with them, or to alter a constitution which had produced such happy effects. There happens, gentlemen, to live near my parsonage a laboring man, of very superior character and understanding to his fellow-laborers, and who has made such good use of that superiority that he has saved what is (for his station in life) a very considerable sum of money, and, if his existence is extended to the common period, he will die rich. It happens, however, that he is (and long has been) troubled with violent stomachic pains, for which he has hitherto obtained no relief, and which really are the bane and torment of his life. Now, if my excellent laborer were to send for a physician, and to consult him respecting this malady, would it not be very singular language if our doctor were to say to him, ‘My good

friend, you surely will not be so rash as to attempt to get rid of these pains in your stomach. Have you not grown rich with these pains in your stomach? have you not risen under them from poverty to prosperity? has not your situation, since you were first attacked, been improving every year? You surely will not be so foolish and so indiscreet as to part with the pains in your stomach?' Why, what would be the answer of the rustic to this nonsensical monition? 'Monster of rhubarb! (he would say) I am not rich in consequence of the pains in my stomach, but in spite of the pains in my stomach; and I should have been ten times richer, and fifty times happier, if I had never had any pains in my stomach at all.' Gentlemen, these rotten 'boroughs are your pains in the stomach—and you would have been a much richer and greater people if you had never had them at all. Your wealth and your power have been owing, not to the debased and corrupted parts of the House of Commons, but to the many independent and honorable members whom it has always contained within its walls."

The tariff of 1846 has been the pain in our stomach, and the pain grows worse and worse every year. We have got along, to be sure, and escaped bankruptcy, by means of our great natural advantages, emigration and gold from California, but are by no means what we should have been without these con-

stant and depressing pains in the stomach, which have damped our spirits, cramped our energy, reduced the value of our property, and brought us to our present condition. We might have nearly doubled our wealth by this time, instead of which New England is probably worth less to-day than it was ten years ago. We have become like those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not. The pains in our stomach have, by long continuance, made us listless and indifferent, overcome our spirits, and caused us even to forget the health and prosperity we enjoyed in former days.

How long can it be expected that we shall shut our eyes to this state of things, and flatter ourselves with the ten thousand times told tale in the money articles of better times coming. Until we remove the cause, it is in vain that we hope to escape the effects. We must seek the root of the disease if we expect to cure it. We may cry out, Peace, peace, as long as we please, but that will not avert the dangers of war. We must abandon the delusive doctrines of free trade, and go back to the safe and sound policy of protecting ourselves against the enormous capital and pauper labor of England, if we would see again the prosperity of former days. France and other continental nations of Europe recognize this to be their only safe course, and more especially is it necessary for a new people like ourselves. It is the duty as

well as interest of every nation, and those who neglect it fall into a state of debt and dependence upon the nation which has accumulated the greatest amount of skill and capital.

It is not wise for us to set down in despair and say that nothing more can be done, that the South is against us, and the democratic party is against us, and we must submit and get along as well as we can. With proper effort a false system can be exposed, especially when it has proved itself false and ruinous. Truth struck to earth, we are told, shall rise again, but not if we make no effort to help her up from the ground and replace her in her former position. Heaven helps those who help themselves, and not those, who, when their wheels are fast in the mud, sit idly, calling on Jupiter for assistance. Error possesses no such vitality as insures its perpetual existence. Even the rocks yield to repeated strokes of the hammer, and a continual dropping of water wears away the solid stone. If we expect to see our railroad, manufacturing, and other stocks again at par, we must rouse ourselves in favor of the only measures that can produce such a result.

“The downfall of Napoleon,” says Mr. List, in his chapter on France, “was the signal for English competition, *restrained during his rule* to the work of smuggling, to assert and regain its power upon the Continents of Europe and America. For the first

time, the English were then heard to denounce the protective system, and to extol Adam Smith's theory of free trade, a theory which those practical islanders had hitherto branded as utopian." The object of the practical islanders was to get their manufactures into France and the United States, by persuading them of the advantages they would derive from free trade. France bit at the hook, but, more fortunate than ourselves, seems not to have been caught.

"France, though her old dynasty had been brought back to her under the banner, or at least by the gold of England, listened but a short time to these arguments. Free trade with England occasioned such dreadful disasters to an industry which had grown up under the continental system, that it became necessary to seek a speedy refuge in the prohibitive system, under the shield of which, according to the testimony of M. Dupin, the manufacturing industry of France doubled between 1815 and 1827."

We must, like France in 1815, seek refuge in the prohibitive system, otherwise we shall only go on from bad to worse. The pains in our stomach will become more intense and harder to bear. We shall become a receptacle for the refuse and surplus stocks of Europe, while we are drained of all our specie and produce to pay for them. No nation ever did or ever can be truly prosperous and independent under such a state of things. England is the only nation that

can adopt free trade, because she alone is in a condition to be benefited by it. She no longer fears competition, with her great source of wealth, her manufactures, and is very willing to receive the raw material on which they depend, provisions to feed her operatives, or even ships to transport the fabrics of her forges, workshops and looms. Is it possible that we should be so stupid as not to see through all this, that we should allow ourselves to be made the mere tools for her advancement, and for increasing her enormous and overshadowing wealth ?

It would be difficult to believe that a shrewd people, like our own, had permitted themselves to be thus deceived and overreached, if we had not seen it and realized it by a pretty severe experience. England has availed herself, through the hands of the Hon. Robert J. Walker and others, of our dissensions and sectional jealousies. She is not sorry to see us in a perpetual quarrel, since it brings money to her already well-filled purse. She sets her agents at work to instil into the South the idea that protection will benefit only the North, while she appeals to the North against the dreadful sin of southern slavery, and so, setting both by the ears, steps in and swallows the oyster, leaving to us only the shells. Protection is as necessary to the South as it is to the North, so long as the South requires the cheapest goods, the best prices for her cotton, and the benefit of that wealth

which conduces to the strength and independence of the Union of which she is a part; while, on the other hand, the abolition of slavery must be left to the operation of those natural laws of soil, climate and race, which we can neither abrogate nor control, which operate most kindly and beneficently for the slave, just in proportion as we abstain from that forced and unnatural interference which has ruined the English West-India Colonies, and threatens to carry back the slave to his original state of barbarism. We present, therefore, the absurd spectacle of quarrelling among ourselves for the especial benefit of a foreign nation, of which we all affect to be jealous, and against which we have fulminated our Fourth of July orations for the last half century. If there can be any position more humiliating than this, it is not easy to know what it can be, or how we can preserve our self-respect while we are cutting so ridiculous a figure before the world. John Bull looks on to see us butting our heads against each other, while he quietly pockets the profits which accrue to him from the quarrel. We fight among ourselves to make each other poor, and to make our old enemy and mutual rival rich. Was there ever seen a national folly equal to this? It is said that whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Whether or not they intend to destroy us, it is certain that we have become sufficiently mad to merit almost any punish-

ment which the higher powers may see fit to inflict upon us.

The greatest folly ever committed by Mr. Calhoun was the desertion of that policy which he, in the early history of the country, saw was the only one for a new people to adopt; which he saw must benefit the South as well as the North, since the wealth of each and all must accrue to the benefit of all living under the same government. If the North remained poor, the South must be still poorer. This he saw plainly, and, by his exertion, the first impulse was given to the protective policy. Subsequently, however, his fine intellect became perverted by sectional jealousies, until he could see only ruin to the South from the prosperity of the North. Because his own section, being agricultural, could not derive the same immediate and direct benefit as the North, from a system of protection, he determined that neither North nor South should have the benefit of it. Hence the war upon the tariff, fomented and encouraged by English agents, carried on by southern leaders, aided and abetted by northern allies, who preferred political power to the growth and prosperity of the country.

Hence it is that the cry of free trade has become popular with those who seek influence at Washington, and the great industrial interests of the country are sacrificed to a selfish and heartless political ambition. Hence it is that our factory stocks have depreciated

fifty cents on the dollar, our iron interests been paralyzed and struggling for an existence against almost overwhelming competition, our railroads not worth an average of twenty-five cents on a dollar, our real estate, except in a few centres like New York and Boston, and some of the new lands of the West, declining constantly in value. Hence it is that energy, enterprise, hope and confidence in the future have, for years, deserted us, and, while our present system continues, we may be very certain they will never return to us.

It is quite possible that we may not just now wind up with a grand explosion,* as in 1837. We have lingered so long that our disease is rather chronic than acute, with occasional severe attacks like the present. We have been kept alive, and our heads just above water, for about ten years, by the constant accession of California gold. New enterprises have been checked, and old ones ended disastrously, until a gradual decay has taken the place of a violent crisis. Had such a crisis or general crash happened to us long ago, we should have been better off to-day, as we should then have applied the only remedy, as in 1842. As Mr. Granger said, at the last session of Congress, a low tariff of duties has always run us

* The explosion came, and with a report that has reached the uttermost parts of the earth.

under and always will. Weekly accessions of gold have postponed the evil day, but cannot avert it, while the immutable laws of trade remain unrepealed, and while we violate the first and most important principle in political economy.

PROTECTION NECESSARY FOR THE SOUTH.

THE Southern planter requires a protective policy, for four very sufficient reasons; one of which is, that he may have a home and sure market for his cotton, the effect of which is to keep up the price of that staple to the extent, it is generally supposed, of a cent per pound.

Another reason is, that he thereby makes sure of obtaining his manufactured goods at the lowest possible living rate, as is the case with our present coarse cottons, and would have been also the case long before this time with railroad and other manufactures of iron, had the tariff of 1842 been permitted to stand; to which is to be added the fact that American railroad iron is admitted to be at least equal to any, if not the best, in the world. Give us the home market, and home competition is sure to bring down prices to the lowest living point; the parties most benefited being the planter, the farmer, the operative and the mechanic; and the party least benefited being the manufacturer himself, who can never expect to realize more than an average of six per

cent. on his investment, and much oftener falls far below it.

Another reason why the South should demand protection is, that the country, and the South in particular, is thus made independent in case of war ; the planter having provided a home market for his cotton. England is straining every nerve to be independent of us ; why should not we also seek independence of her ? From present appearances the culture of cotton is likely to be successful in Africa ; and when its millions shall become engaged in that employment, they may supply an amount of cotton now little dreamed of.

Fourthly. What is called the tax upon those who purchase foreign goods, on which duties are levied, falls not upon the South, but upon the North, where exists, beyond all comparison, greater capacity for consuming such goods. This tax, however, wherever it falls, is, for the reasons above stated, what the seed corn is to the harvest, a small present loss in order to insure a future great and certain gain.

The farmer requires protection for the same reasons. He requires a home market to be built up for the products of his farm, instead of being obliged to send it to a distant foreign and uncertain market, subject to the exhausting tax of three thousand miles of transportation, and then brought into competition with the pauper labor of the Baltic, Danube, and other grain-

growing regions of Europe. Both he and the planter can well afford to pay a little more at first for their manufactured goods, if they can pay in their own way, and thus build up a constantly increasing and permanent market for such articles as they produce. The ship owner requires protection ; because, as the country grows rich, its power of consuming foreign luxuries is constantly increased ; a sufficient proof of which can be found in the history of English commerce. The shipping interest will decline with the manufacturing interest, and only acquire permanent prosperity when the industry of the country is placed upon a permanent footing.

A common fallacy exists, not only at the South but at the North, that the protection of one class of interests is at the expense of others. This is so far from the case, that if but a single interest, that of iron, for instance, was completely protected, every other interest would be greatly benefited. Who would be injured ? Certainly not those who require cheap iron ; for, if it was not a proposition which is self-evident, it has been demonstrated in the case of coarse cottons and other articles, that when we have the home market secured to us, home competition is as sure to bring down prices as the light is to follow the rising sun. The agricultural interest is not injured, for that requires new forges and mills to consume its products. Mechanics and laborers of all kinds cannot be injured by what

brings them employment, nor professional men and merchants, who rely in no small degree on the laboring classes for support.

No one would be injured, then, but every one benefited, if only the single article of iron was protected, and all, perhaps, more than the manufacturer himself, who would see new mills constantly arising around him, to reduce his profits. The idea that one interest is injured by what benefits another is a fallacy which it would hardly seem possible for a man of ordinary reflection and observation to entertain.

The true principle upon which a tariff should be framed I take to be this. In the first place, the great iron, woolen, and cotton interests, together with whatever else we are in a condition to manufacture, should be completely protected. The effect of this is to develop our resources, create a market for the planter and farmer, multiply our laborers, reduce the cost of manufactured goods, and add enormously to our wealth and means of consuming foreign luxuries, which can neither be produced or manufactured at home. On these luxuries let the duties be placed: as, for instance, on tea, coffee, silks, satins, ribbons, high cost wines and brandies, spices, and a long list of similar articles.

A very few years under such a system, together with our great natural advantages and the immense flood of emigration pouring in upon us, would soon

give us the foremost rank among the nations, and make them our debtors and tributaries, instead of being debtors and tributaries to them.

As it is by the adoption of a false system, we find ourselves, with all our unparalleled advantages, yearly falling behind, becoming more deeply in debt abroad and embarrassed and demoralized at home, with a government falling into bankruptcy, as well as countless individuals, who require a national bankrupt law to set them free. How long would the credit of our government suffice to carry on such a war as that in the Crimea or in India, which England has and will come out of stronger than she went into them? We may safely answer, not many weeks, to say nothing of months or years.

The protective policy has piled up wealth and solid capital in England, until she can buy and sell a large part of the world, and reduce us, with other nations, to a state of comparative dependence. This is the policy which I have endeavored to urge upon our own Government, and it is one which the continental nations of Europe have long since adopted in self defence, as the only means by which they can maintain their own security and independence.

It has been often argued in Congress that a tariff, enacted for the purpose of protection and not for purposes of revenue only, is unconstitutional. In answer to this it is only necessary to say, that the

States cannot protect themselves, having parted with that right by the constitution of the United States. If the right does not exist in Congress, then it is lost, or exists only "in nubibus." Thus, one of the highest acts of sovereignty, and one held by the most advanced and civilized nations of Europe to be the first and highest duty of all governments, cannot be exercised here at all, the States having parted with the power and Congress not having received it. There must certainly be a mistake somewhere, and as certainly I think it will be found not in the framers of the constitution, for they had no doubt of the existence of such a power in Congress, but in those who, in these latter days, have received a new light, by the aid of which they seek to fetter that great national charter by new and strange interpretations.

HENRY C. CAREY.

APRIL 9, 1858.

LETTERS TO THE PRESIDENT, ON THE FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
POLICY OF THE UNION, AND ITS EFFECTS, AS EXHIBITED
IN THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE AND THE STATE. BY
H. C. CAREY. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

These letters, which have appeared simultaneously in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, have now been published in pamphlet form. Mr. Carey has reviewed the commercial history of this country and Europe for the last fifty years in a masterly manner, and has presented an immense amount of statistical information. The conclusions which so eminent a political economist draws from these statistics are entitled to the greatest weight, and should be carefully examined by every one who holds the responsible position of a voter. Whatever may be the uncertainty inherent in many of the subjects of political economy, here is something tangible and susceptible of demonstration, and Mr. Carey has demonstrated, by the recent history of France and other enlightened nations of Europe, the wisdom and necessity on the

part of every State of protecting, in the most complete manner, its manufacturing industry. Portugal, Turkey, and the declining prosperity of the United States, present the reverse of the picture.

The tariff of 1846 is supposed by many, with great reason, to have been passed by the magic influence of English gold. The history of that bill is curious, and in time will no doubt come to light. Had the people been instructed in those plain and obvious principles of political economy so admirably illustrated by Mr. Carey, it is quite safe to say that no such bill could have been forced through by any amount of foreign influence or bribery. The planter and the Western farmer would have seen that protection was as necessary for them as for the manufacturer, the interests of all being in fact identical.

Ample protection would in time bring the cotton mill alongside of the cotton plantation, the woolen mill alongside the sheep pastures of Ohio, the rolling mills and machine shops alongside the Western farmer. This is considered by Mr. Carey the great desideratum in political economy. Free trade removes the planter three thousand miles from his market. The Western farmer is, by the same process, obliged to send all he can scrape from his farm three thousand miles for a market, where he must come into competition with the pauper labor of the grain-growing people on the Baltic and on the Dan-

ube, after paying the heavy and exhausting tax of transportation. Mr. Carey shows conclusively that while the system of protection tends to independence, wealth and civilization, the system of free trade tends as certainly to dependence, poverty and barbarism.

Foreign commerce, stimulated by a system which destroys domestic commerce, in the end destroys itself. Domestic trade is the only sure basis on which foreign trade can rest; for that is dependent on our capacity for consuming foreign luxuries. Our capacity of consuming depends on our domestic industry, our diversity of employments and consequent accumulation of wealth. When our ships are employed, as those of England have been, in transporting from home not the raw material only, but the results of that material in the shape of manufactured goods, bringing back those luxuries which we can neither manufacture nor produce, then owners will find them in constant and increasing demand. As Mr. Carey observes, it is hardly worth while to make commercial treaties with Japan, if we have nothing to sell to that ingenious people. When we ensure domestic prosperity and trade, we lay the only sure foundation for foreign commerce.

While Mr. Carey has been acquiring a reputation abroad such as few American authors have ever enjoyed, he is but comparatively little known in his own country, where his services are most needed, and

especially in New England. We have been so busy quarrelling among ourselves—the North against the South and the South against the North—that we have found no time to listen to those counsels which can alone make us an united and happy people, by making us a prosperous one, and one that is tending, not to the barbarism of mere producing nations, but to the high civilization of those which, like the enlightened nations of Europe, protect their own industry as the first and foremost of all national duties. While we have been engaged in social discord and mutual recrimination, England has been reaping the fruits of our quarrel, laughing, as well she may, at our simplicity and folly. The result of all this we have now before us, and have ample leisure to contemplate it.

The following extracts from an unpublished work may be interesting, as showing the estimation in which Mr. Carey is held abroad :

“ Mr. Carey inherited an inclination to investigations in political economy, and, in 1836, gave the results of his speculations to the world in an *Essay on the Rate of Wages*, which was expanded into *The Principles of Political Economy*, 1837–’40, in three octavo volumes. The novel position assumed by Mr. Carey excited no little surprise among the European political economists. This work has been published in Italian at Turin, and in Swedish at Upsal.

“Bastiat has taken from Carey ideas that the American economist had developed, and had presented to his readers with so much skill, and with such an imposing mass of facts, as in truth to leave in suspense the decision of even the most accomplished student of his works. . . . Carey, and after him, Bastiat, have thus introduced a formula in relation to the measure of value, that I believe is destined to be universally adopted. It is a most felicitous idea. . . . His work cannot be omitted from our bibliotheca, nor can its publication be delayed.”—*Professor Ferrara, editor of the Bibliotheca dell'Economista.*

“The most important product of political economy for the last half century.”—*Journal des Economistes.*

In 1838 Mr. Carey published The Credit System in France, Great Britain and the United States.

“An American author, Mr. H. C. Carey, well known by several excellent works, seems to me, in this matter (currency), and especially in the investigation of causes and effects, to have succeeded better than the English inquirers. As early as 1838, he had in his book—The Credit System in France, Great Britain and the United States—clearly shown the primary causes of the perturbations occurring almost periodically in commerce and currency, and that cause was the same in France as in England.”—*M. Coquelin: Revue des deux Mondes.*

“The best work on the credit system that has ever been published.”—*Journal des Economistes*.

“In 1848 Mr. Carey published *The Past, The Present and The Future*. It is, as our readers see, the theory of progress, redeemed from the wildness of philosophical speculations, economically established, and brought home to us by the facts.”—*Dictionnaire de l'Economie Politique*.

“One of the strongest and most original writers of the age.”—*Westminster Review*.

Blackwood’s Magazine remarks of the *Harmony of Interests, &c.*:

“Mr. Carey, the well-known statistical writer of America, has supplied us with ample materials for conducting such an inquiry; and we can safely recommend his remarkable work to all who wish to investigate the causes of the progress or decline of industrial communities.”

If there is any one competent to speak with authority on this subject it is Mr. Carey, who holds the first rank as a political economist.

It is to be hoped that we may find time, from our fierce sectional quarrels, to listen to the words of warning and common sense upon matters so vital to the prosperity of both the contending parties. Already we pay annually from twenty to thirty millions dollars of interest money to Europe, which Mr. Carey justly calls the first mortgage on our exports. Our

present course must inevitably lead us on from bad to worse, making us each year poorer, and bringing us more deeply in debt to England, thus gradually drawing us back to a state of colonial dependence in fact, whatever we may claim to be in name.

To instruct his countrymen and improve their condition, Mr. Carey has given, from time to time, no small amount of labor without the least hope of pecuniary reward. Fortunately, he is not dependent for a living on the labors of his pen. A competency, acquired by a sagacious and honorable mercantile career, has given him leisure to pursue those studies to which he was so strongly attracted, and in which he has so greatly distinguished himself. He is a true and enthusiastic lover of his race, and of that part of it especially with which his own lot is cast. His charity is universal, but he has not forgotten that it should begin at home. He would have the United States take their rightful place among the nations, not second or third in rank or importance, but second to none, and soon, by a sound policy and unrivalled natural resources, to take the lead of all. To this end no natural advantages can prevail if counteracted by a mistaken and suicidal policy.



FREE TRADE,

AS VIEWED BY AN ENGLISHMAN IN A LETTER
TO HIS SON.

MY DEAR SON,—Some time has elapsed since I sent you a few suggestions which I thought might be useful in your new home in the United States. I doubt not you have made good use of my advice, and hope, ere long, to hear from you, and to learn your first impressions among a people so like ourselves, and yet, in many respects, so unlike those who have descended from the same ancestors, and carry the same blood in their veins. A different climate and different institutions have the effect, in the lapse of years, greatly to modify national traits, and hence you will find society in America quite unlike that which you left in England. You will trace the effect of climate upon the health and constitutions of the Americans, and the effect of their democratic institutions upon their habits, manners, their social and public life, and their strongly marked national character.

You inform me that the subject of Free Trade has, of late, been attracting some attention in the United States. This is a subject which is always interesting to us in England, and more especially when it relates to a nation on which we rely so much as a market for our manufactures. The United States stand first on our list in commercial importance, taking from us, annually, an enormous amount of goods. It is of the greatest importance that we should keep on good terms with the American people, since we find them disposed to grant us commercial privileges, such as we cannot obtain from European nations, except such weak ones as we are enabled to intimidate or control. Hence it is that our government is willing to submit to almost any indignity rather than hazard a rupture with our best customers. Americans have bought their peace with England, though, between ourselves, on terms which I should suppose somewhat humiliating to a sensitive and high-minded people. Our object is, as you know, to turn the world into a market for our manufactures. This we effect in India and China by our fleets and armies, and in Europe, as far as we can, by diplomacy. We could not think of forcing the United States, so we approached them in the name of free trade, hardly supposing they would believe that such a thing as free trade could exist between an old country like ours and a new one like their own.

Fortunately for us, however, the Americans swallowed the bait, hook and all, and we can safely say that we have them now fast enough, and that they will find it no easy matter to get away, owing to the peculiar political condition in which they have placed themselves. The Southern portion of the Republic is willing to sacrifice its own interests to its jealousy of the Northern States, so that we apprehend no change in the American tariffs, except such as will be still further for our advantage. It is of course for our interest to foment and aggravate this family quarrel, now waging so fiercely between the two great sections of the country, since the wider the breach the better we shall be able to enter with our goods, wares and merchandise. What I write on this subject you must consider strictly confidential, for we have no wish that our good Brother Jonathan should think that he has been duped. On the contrary, we would allay any such suspicion in his mind, and hope it will be long before he finds it out. It is quite probable, however, that ten years' experience of free trade will have the effect to bring him to his senses.

We should not be so much surprised at the willingness of the United States to fall in with our views in regard to free trade, if such a course was necessary in order to secure a market for their cotton in return for our manufactures. It happens, however, that we

can get cotton nowhere else, and they would sell the same amount, whether manufactured by us or by themselves. Wherever we can introduce free trade the lion's share of the advantages of course accrues to us, as must always be the case between manufacturing nations and those who supply only the raw material to be worked up. A producing people can hardly expect much profit on their productions, whether they consist of grain, provisions, or cotton. A comfortable living is the most they can hope for. Such is the history of all producing nations. These productions of the soil we are glad to receive, for we can hardly raise enough to feed our great army of workmen. The grain and cotton which we import we export in the compact form of merchandise, and it is this process which has made us so wealthy and so powerful. This secret the Americans seem to be losing sight of, and we have great cause to congratulate ourselves that such is the case, since the flood of immigration, setting constantly westward, must build up a vast and growing market for our manufactures.

Without the help thus afforded us by the United States we should find it difficult to sustain such enormously expensive wars as that of the Crimea, and those we are now waging in India and China. Everything works favorably for us, however, and if we can keep the American Congress on our side we shall have little to fear.

We shall not allow any questions of right of search or of Central America to interrupt the harmony that now exists. These matters are, comparatively, of no consequence to us, and, if offence is taken, we shall yield the point in dispute, and make some apology for any supposed insults to the American flag. This we can well afford to do, for we have no other market in the world so valuable to us as the United States. So long as we can keep the Southern States true to the doctrines of free trade we feel quite safe, and fully competent to reduce our revolted provinces in India to subjection, as well as open the Chinese Empire to our commerce, and thus secure a still wider market for our manufactures.

In your last you speak of Mr. Carey, who has been writing a series of letters to the President. Mr. Carey is a prominent writer on Political Economy, and better known, perhaps, in Europe than in his own country. We cannot hope, however, that he will be successful in opening the eyes of his countrymen, for such an event would operate greatly to our injury, and it seems altogether probable that his voice will be drowned in the bitter sectional strife that is now waging. He is a remarkable man, and if placed in his rightful position would be at the head of the treasury department, for which important post no man, since the days of Colbert, has been better qualified. One of the evils attendant upon constitu-

tional government like that of England and the United States is to be found in the fact that the highest as well as the lowest offices are too often the rewards of political service rather than of peculiar fitness for the discharge of their respective duties. The office of Secretary of the Treasury, especially, requires a combination of peculiar talents and acquirements, such as is rarely found among professed politicians. It requires a man who can predict the storm, and thus avert it, or provide for it when it comes; who has been trained in the study of Political Economy, as it bears upon industrial pursuits and great international interests.

As you are aware, we Englishmen spend money freely when we have an object to gain. We sent over large sums to the United States just before the passage of the tariff act of 1846, which seems to have been judiciously and successfully expended. We understand the art of spending a dollar that we may get back five,—as the farmer scatters his grain over the field, that it may come back to him ten, fifty, and an hundred fold. This art constitutes, in fact, one great secret of our wealth. To lay out money judiciously is a most important agency in the accumulation of it. Our object being to break down the rising manufactures of America and substitute our own, almost any amount of money we could raise would be well expended in bringing about such a

result. Whenever more funds are wanted we shall be ready to furnish them.*

I shall be glad always to hear from you, and to learn your impressions of a people, so interesting in the position they now occupy, and especially to us, who are somewhat given, as you know, to looking at what is called the "main chance." I would recommend that you should visit the Capital, especially

* The following are the names of some of the subscribers, in 1844, to a fund to be used for the purpose of disseminating free trade doctrines, especially in the United States. About four hundred and fifty thousand dollars are said to have been subscribed, and the London Times admitted that under **THIS FOREIGN PRESSURE THE TARIFF OF 1842 WAS REPEALED** :—

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|---|---|---|----------|
| Abraham Lees, | Manchester, | . | . | . | \$100 |
| H. Lees & Brothers, | do., | . | . | . | 200 |
| Alfred Bingen, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| J. & N. Phillips & Co., | do., | . | . | . | 2,500 |
| Wm. Walker, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Alfred Orrel, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| George Foster, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Others in | do., | . | . | . | 10,000 |
| The Lord Provost, | Glasgow, | . | . | . | 500 |
| A. & J. Dunistown, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Chas. Tenant & Co., | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Wm. Dixon, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Samuel Higginbotham, | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Dunlop, Wilson & Co., | do., | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Others in | do., over | . | . | . | 11,000 |
| Marshall & Co., | Leeds, | . | . | . | 2,500 |
| Others in | do., | . | . | . | 9,000 |
| Ackroy & Sons, | Halifax, | . | . | . | 1,000 |
| Others in | do., | . | . | . | 5,500 |
| | | | | | \$51,300 |

while Congress is in session. If you do so, let me receive some account of the public men you fall in with, and the debates which you have heard, especially in the Senate, or upper house, which contained men of great eloquence and dignity when I was in Washington many years ago.

Yours, &c.,

_____.

THE CRISIS.

THE recent revulsion and complete overturn in the industrial and commercial world has been variously explained and accounted for. Some have found a satisfactory explanation in what are called long credits. Others, and among them one of our oldest and most intelligent merchants, discovers the cause in a sudden and unwarranted contraction of their loans by the New York banks, followed of course by all other banks in the country, thus producing a panic which has led to the results we have witnessed.

One of the ablest of those who have written on the subject contends, in a late number of the Boston Journal, that a contraction of about ten per cent. in the bank loans can never of itself have caused such a complete and wide-spread destruction and ruin. This is the view I take of it. Such a contraction could have been followed by such results, only because there was something very "rotten in the state of Denmark." The contraction was rather a result than a cause. It was but the last scene in a ten-act drama, each act representing a year.

Observing spectators could see how the progress of each act shadowed forth the catastrophe. The play was enacted on a large scale, with the world looking on for an audience. Remotest nations felt the shock when the curtain fell, for it was a drama of real and not fictitious life, and ended in ruin to thousands, who found themselves turned out of house and home, dependent on the cold world's uncertain sympathy.

To change the figure, we have been witnessing, for the last few years, simply a sharp and hotly contested race between California Gold and Free Trade. The friends of the former felt confident she could meet all demands, and were willing to risk all on her speed and bottom. Others, on the contrary, believed that Free Trade was not to be so easily satisfied, and must come out winner in the race. Money articles, from month to month and from year to year, predicted a rise of stocks and the good time coming. No such time came, however; money was almost always very dear; stocks constantly falling, until our railroads were worth hardly an average of twenty-five cents on a dollar, and factory stocks not much better.*

* Some months before the crisis, the following paragraph appeared in the Boston Transcript, showing the condition, at that time, of our manufacturing interests, almost the sole dependence of New England. What the present average value of our factory stocks may be, each one can conjecture and estimate for himself—by comparing 1857 with 1858.

The Manufacturing Interest.—Out of fifty of the largest manufacturing

Still the struggle went on. California poured out her gold in the greatest abundance, and Free Trade drank it up as the parched earth drinks up the falling rain. Two or three millions per month went abroad from New York, and it seemed as if the supply would equal the demand. The appearance of prosperity was kept up, and people were willing to flatter themselves of its reality. Thus the race went on, the two contestants running oftentimes about neck and neck, California sometimes gaining a little and sometimes falling considerably behind. At last the contest seemed drawing to a close; Free Trade was shooting ahead and California evidently giving out, until the latter broke down entirely, leaving the former master of the field.

Then came the catastrophe, revulsion, or crisis as it is called, with its long train of commercial distress, bankruptcy and ruin to individuals, and pecuniary embarrassment to the government. The shock was felt throughout the world, and for a time everything was brought to a stand still. After a time, importations having ceased and business being well nigh suspended, specie began to accumulate once more, and

establishments in New England, the stock of only six companies will sell above par at the present time. The Lowell Bleachery is worth twenty per cent. advance; the Pepperell Mill Stock sell at about ten per cent. above par, and the Merrimac at eight per cent. advance. The present selling price of the New England cotton and woolen corporations is about *fifty-two cents on the dollar*.

money became, of course, plenty and cheap. Hence stocks rise in nominal price but not in value, for that depends on our national prosperity. At present we are resting and recovering our energies for a new contest. The rush of importation will soon commence, and the same race must be run over again. We started in 1847, the year of famine in Ireland, with a large surplus of specie in return for our grain and provisions. We shall start now with a large surplus, but, also, with a very largely increased foreign debt, calling for a very large amount of specie annually to pay up our interest money.*

The next race, therefore, is likely to be a short one, and to be decided again in favor of Free Trade, but in much less than ten or even five years. We shall now probably witness a two or three mile heat rather than the long-winded one we have seen. In each new contest Free Trade grows stronger and the Gold Fields fall behind, and this would be the case though they were ten times richer than they are. At last we shall

* The amount of this debt is estimated by the London Times at four hundred millions dollars. Mr. Carey thinks it cannot be less than five hundred millions. The exact amount is not easily ascertained, but is no doubt in the neighborhood of the sums above stated. It was estimated by a very reliable authority, in 1847, at two hundred millions. Subsequently an attempt was made to ascertain the amount, by Mr. Guthrie, who estimated it at about two hundred and fifty millions. Since 1847 we have been constantly sending abroad stocks and bonds, few of which have probably been paid, so that from four to five hundred millions is, perhaps, as near an estimate as can be made.

see Free Trade walk over the course, with no competitor, and our national industry decline into a rude husbandry and tilling of the soil, dependent for a poor living on the caprice of a foreign and far distant market. This is the position in which Europe wishes to place us, and this the condition in which we are fast placing ourselves. This is the necessary and inevitable result of Free Trade between old manufacturing nations and a new agricultural country like our own. The object of the former is to keep down the rising industry of the latter, and thus secure an outlet for their own manufactured goods.

Such is the view I have always taken and still take of our financial condition. It seems to be a natural result of common observation and common sense, of which all have a share, and I submit it cheerfully to that tribunal of experience, good sense and sound judgment, which in all countries, sooner or later, makes itself respected and obeyed. Learned and profound writers on Political Economy of our own day come to the same results, and reject the free trade doctrines of Adam Smith as false in themselves, and doubly false when applied to nations situated relatively as are England and the United States.



AD VALOREM DUTIES.

As specific duties can easily be laid on almost every species of merchandise, and are adopted in Europe as the safest and only proper mode of raising revenue on imported goods, we are naturally led to inquire how it happens that the ad valorem principle was adopted in 1846. Some light is thrown upon this inquiry by the fact that all attempts to change this system, by exposing the enormous frauds to which it inevitably leads, have been entirely unsuccessful and wholly disregarded. We seem warranted in concluding, therefore, that the original design corresponded with what appears to be the present purpose, to reduce still lower, by the mode of collection, the inadequate protection afforded to American industry.

The natural result of the present system has been to turn New York into a great centre of corruption and fraud. No one can suppose that the foreign agents who swarm there from all parts of the world have any particular regard for the sanctity of custom-house oaths:

"Oaths are but words, and words but wind,
Too feeble implements to bind."

Custom-house oaths, especially, are regarded by many as but a sort of form, to be shuffled through with, and that to cheat the government of its dues is comparatively but a venial offence. Those disposed to smuggle, or, what is the same thing, swear to false and fraudulent invoices, are of course not slow to invent excuses. The government, they think, should not impose duties which fetter and impede the free course of trade. They readily adopt the argument of Hudibras, that those who impose the oaths are really the parties who break them, and not those "who, for convenience, take them." This argument, as regards our own government, has certainly great weight, it being wholly unnecessary to adopt a system by which such oaths are required. Government thus appears as a sort of *particeps criminis*, tempting hundreds and thousands to the commission of a crime, which crime is the defrauding of government itself. It has been demonstrated, over and over again, that such are the inevitable results of the ad valorem system, and the evidence is now lying at Washington, but lies there without attention or notice.

We must consider Congress, then, as participating deliberately in these frauds, and assuming for itself and those it represents the guilt of tempting men to crime, and that without the poor excuse of necessity, the remedy being perfectly obvious, and attended with not the slightest difficulty. However willing

unprincipled men may be to perjure themselves, is it right that we, through our agents at Washington, should be the tempters and promoters of such perjury? Shall we not draw a part of these men's guilt upon our own heads, and justly so, if we persist in a course which is certain to involve them in the commission of it? In this view of the subject it becomes a very serious matter, and of much more importance than the mere loss of revenue.

Here we find one reason why New York becomes such a great commercial centre, absorbing the business of Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Boston. The principal port of entry naturally attracts the largest number of foreign or home agents, ready to defraud the honest importers of New York and other cities, by swearing to false valuations. Goods to the value of millions of dollars are thus attracted to New York, which might otherwise be distributed to other cities. That city is thus built up at the expense of the rest of the country, and becomes a great Babel, already too large to be manageable by any system of police, corrupting itself, and corrupting the whole country around.

The only benefit flowing from free trade, or the Tariff of 1846, has been to build up the city of New York, which is naturally a great centre of importation; and this would be the case had the duties been specific, instead of ad valorem, though not, prob-

ably, to the same extent. The ad valorem system comes to the assistance of free trade, both of which tend to merge all our commercial cities in a common centre. From this centre flow out streams of corruption and vice to contaminate the nation. Is it so desirable, then, that we should legislate for the purpose of swelling such an overgrown city as this at the expense of our home manufactures, national industry, and national morality?

We should abolish the ad valorem system at once, unless we wish to remain the abettors and tempters to crime, and unless we would benefit one city at the expense of all the rest. By benefiting I speak of course of an increase of wealth. That New York is benefited in any just sense by what injures the whole country is not probable. Large cities are always large sores, but particularly so in a free government like our own. We have no standing army to control and overawe such vast collections of men, drawn together from all parts of the world, with no common ties of birth, kindred or association, and with but little capacity for self-restraint, which is all the restraint they can know, and constitutes the basis on which rests the whole fabric of our government. If one half the population of New York city was distributed among the other commercial cities, such as Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Portland, it would be for the interest, in any just

sense of that word, of New York, as well as of the country at large. It is doubtful if a city as large as London or Paris, especially if composed of a heterogeneous population like that of New York, could exist, under institutions like our own. We must either be a law unto ourselves, or we must have a government strong enough to control us, strong enough to keep the peace, to restrain crime, and to protect property.*

* I know, writes a highly intelligent merchant, of a case in which goods, worth four thousand eight hundred francs, paid duty on twelve hundred francs only. This is probably a fair sample of the mode in which no small portion of foreign goods come into our market. Another merchant complains that, for some reason or other, the common article of molasses can be bought more advantageously in New York than in Boston. Cuban oaths he thinks of no more value than English or French. Mr. Simmons of Rhode Island recently introduced into the Senate a bill providing for home valuation instead of foreign. This is, of course, an improvement upon the present system, but by no means so simple and efficient as that of specific duties; saving, as they do, all trouble and difficulty of valuations, which can never be perfectly reliable, but must always be subject to abuse or mistake, and give rise to constant complaint. The market value in New York is not always so easily ascertained. Specific duties remove all doubt, difficulty or mistake, and constitute the only proper mode of collecting the revenue. Mr. Simmons' bill was rejected by the Senate, a result which was not unexpected.



DOMESTICS.

WHILE, instead of building new mills, we can hardly keep our old ones running,—and the manufacturing business is constantly on the decline,—it seems very desirable that we should have the benefit of what seems rightfully to belong to us—the domestic trade. In no other way, under the present policy of the National Government, can Boston keep up and maintain its present commercial importance. Everything tends to the great centre,—New York,—where a large part of our foreign commerce will of course be attracted, at the expense of the smaller cities. Boston has still many advantages, which, if rightly used, may keep it from falling back and becoming gradually merged in the great metropolis. We have a large amount of solid capital employed in foreign commerce, while we allow the benefit of it to accrue mainly to New York. A remission of the State tax on auctions, and a little public spirit, might perhaps bring to Boston, and keep here, a portion of the China trade, as well as the Calcutta trade, now almost entirely in our own hands.

Business of all kinds finds great benefit from concentration. New Bedford forms a striking example of this truth, where is to be found a larger average of wealth than exists in any other city in the world. A very few large commission houses control nearly all the cotton and woolen manufactories of New England. Is it not reasonable to suppose that not only Boston, but the domestic business itself, as in the case of the shoe business, would be greatly benefited by keeping it at home, where it naturally belongs, compelling customers to come here and buy the goods where they are made, rather than establishing agencies, and thus scattering the business through the southern cities?

A great market is always attractive, and stimulating to the production of whatever it may be that supports it. The centre of business, and the business itself, react upon each other. Customers coming to Boston to buy domestics will stay to buy other things, and so the city, constantly attracting more people, enlarges the market for domestic produce. Union is strength in business, as well as in politics and war. New England needs to husband all its strength, and to avail itself of all its advantages, in order to hold its own and keep from falling gradually into the rear.

Our domestic trade, however, seems peculiarly to belong to Boston, and is, indeed, that on which our

prosperity mainly and almost wholly depends. Those engaged in the shoe and leather trade furnish a noble example of a wise and public spirited course in regard to their business, now grown to an enormous amount, and making Boston the largest market in the world for boots and shoes. Not only has Boston been benefited, but the business itself has been greatly increased by keeping it concentrated at one point, instead of scattering it through several cities.

Boston cannot rival New York as a great centre of foreign commerce, but it would seem as if it should be the centre of its own domestic trade. Trade, it is said, regulates itself by certain and invariable laws, which cannot be controlled ; merchandise tends to the best and largest market, nor can the current be changed by any artificial arrangements. This is, in the main, true, but it is also true that exceptions exist to all general rules, and that something can be done towards changing and controlling even the currents of trade. When great capital and an extensive business are in the control of a very few men, they can, to a great extent, influence their location, and make a centre of their own, to which new currents will be constantly attracted. Naturally, the domestic business belongs to Boston, as much as the shoe business, and it would seem as if a little effort on the part of those most concerned, might, by keeping that business at

home, not only contribute to the growth of the city, but greatly to their own benefit and the advantage of their stockholders.

Of course I can have no wish to interfere with the business of individuals, or offer advice to a class of men so intelligent, and therefore so competent, to discover what is most for their interest. The domestic trade, however, is a matter of great public concern—constituting the very life-blood of New England and of Boston. It is a matter, therefore, not only of private but of general interest, affecting directly or indirectly every man, woman and child in the community. It is of the greatest consequence to every one that our city should have all the benefit possible from a trade built upon the industry of New England, and flowing naturally to its capital. If it can possibly be kept at home, thus benefiting itself as well as others, no effort certainly should be spared to bring about such a result. How far such a result is practicable is of course best known to those engaged in the business, and intimately acquainted with its details.

CONCLUSION.

It may seem hardly necessary to say that my article on Fillibusters was prompted by no unworthy or unjust prejudice towards foreigners. I have not forgotten how nobly they sacrificed their lives and their fortunes in our revolutionary struggle, and how they or their descendants have contributed to uphold and make perpetual our free institutions. I have not forgotten that some of the noblest defenders of English liberty have been Irishmen, and that men of Irish descent have illustrated, by their ability and their worth, the bar and the bench, and all our highest offices, legislative and executive.

Foreigners have taken active and important parts in our history, but still they have been, as yet, always under the influence and control of the native population, by whom their national traits and character have been essentially modified. This, however, may not always be the case, and I have indicated what seems to be a real danger, that a race which has proved itself fit for a constitutional government, should lose

that fitness by a general mixing up with races that have discovered no such fitness.

Individual exceptions do but prove the general rule. If Lafayette had been a fair sample of his race, France might now have been free ; but he was not, and the lessons he learned at the feet of Washington, were lost upon his fickle and glory-loving countrymen. It may be thought that the Irish, so nearly allied to the English, should have been excepted from what I supposed to be the general rule applying to all foreigners. But for the channel which separates them from England, they would, no doubt, like the Celts of Scotland, have become amalgamated with the English, and both, like kindred drops, been mingled into one. As it is, their peculiar national traits have been propagated from generation to generation.

In Scotland, the Celtic race has been modified and partially absorbed by close contact and intermarriage with the English. The Anglo Saxon and the Celt, says Macaulay, have been reconciled in Scotland but never in Ireland. In both lands, however, the Celt has been under the guidance and control of the governing race.

The danger from a union with the Celtic race is doubtless much less than with those who are properly styled foreigners by the English, such as the Spanish, French, and other European nations.

Without regard to many and notable exceptions, I

referred, in the article alluded to, only to those general and distinctive traits which are peculiar to whole races of men, and to the danger which is to be apprehended from indiscriminate amalgamation with essentially different races to the Anglo Saxon race, which has developed in so remarkable a degree those qualities which are requisite to the capacity for self-restraint, or what is called self-government.

Man has precisely the same passions to-day that belonged to him three thousand years ago. Some individuals have greater ability to restrain these passions than others, and the same is true of races of men. Hence the different governments which we see and of which we read, from the pure despotism of the East through the more or less limited monarchies of Europe to the constitutional government of England and the republic of the United States. Occasionally, in the history of the world, a people has been found with a capacity for self-government; such was the case in Greece and afterwards in Rome. This capacity was lost, however, in the course of years, and those republics gave place to what has been the usual and almost universal form of government. After the lapse of many centuries another race appears, exhibiting the same capacity of self-restraint. English liberty, strictly speaking, dates from 1688, though it had been maturing for centuries. How long it will last is a question for the future to decide.

It has been often asserted and come to be very generally believed, that a constitutional government like that of England and the United States can only be carried on by the instrumentality of two parties; the one to administer the government and the other to keep vigilant watch over the party in power, to prevent its excesses and keep it in all its measures always within the limits of the constitution.

However this may be, the same result is brought about by the universal passion for power and the lust of office; those in possession striving to keep in and those out of possession striving to come in. Two great parties, therefore, must always exist, into one or the other of which will necessarily be merged all minor parties, such as are based on some single idea, or pursue a particular reform. To oppose, successfully, the ruling majority, the different sections of the minority must act together, and can be of little use, while, like the continental soldier, they fight only on their own hook.

The masses in all parties are honest men, although not always in a condition to reflect deeply on the principles or measures they support. They must always be, to a great extent, in the power of designing and unscrupulous leaders, to be used for the purposes of ambition or profit. This is one of the evils attendant on our form of government. Another serious evil in our system is to be found in the fact that hardly any

great question of finance or of commerce stands a chance with us of being decided on its merits after full examination. On the contrary, it is usually made a mere question of party, and decided one way or the other, oftentimes as chance may direct. The Tariff of 1857 was a notable instance of this. Mr. Campbell's bill was the result of matured thought, and would have helped all and injured no one. It passed the House of Representatives, and, lo and behold ! in the very last day of the session, when no time was left for examination or discussion, twenty per cent. of the duty on iron, woolen and cotton goods was stricken off by the Senate, it being supposed that Mr. Campbell's bill savored too much of protection. No commission was issued to inquire into the probable result of such a measure, nor was there a day left to do so. The parties came together and made a sort of compromise, somewhat as boys decide their disputes, by tossing up a penny.

To see such great interests as those of iron, cotton, and woolen, subject to such a hap-hazard sort of legislation as this, and made, as it were, the sport of political manœuvring, must be mortifying and discouraging to any one who has a true regard for our national character and the success of our experiment. This reduction of twenty per cent. has, thus far, as might have been expected, operated very injuriously on manufactures of cotton and iron.

It is also true, that had senators or representatives examined the subject, they would have found that no single article, North or South, could be protected, without, at the same time, benefiting all the rest. That such shallow and superficial notions should be entertained by Congress on a subject so important and so vital as this, argues poorly for the capacity of our institutions to bring to bear on great national interests that intelligent consideration, which can alone secure them from injury or neglect.

In what I have urged on the subject of the Tariff, I have been governed by no wish to advance the particular interests of the manufacturers as a class, if, indeed, that could be done, without, at the same time, benefiting all other classes. Many of our manufacturers do not care, so far as their particular interests are concerned, to have any change made in the present rates of duty, since increased protection would raise up new and rival manufactories, and diminish the present profits, small as they are, and never likely to rise much above an average of six per cent. on the capital invested, under any system of duties.

Of all classes in the community the manufacturer is, perhaps, least benefited by complete protection; since that is sure to raise up a home competition more difficult to deal with than is a foreign competition, under partial protection, as at present. Foreigners cannot always know exactly what we want, and the

domestic manufacturer has always some advantage over the foreigner. Complete protection destroys foreign competition, but raises up a more severe one at home. The cause I have endeavored to advocate, therefore, is not that of the manufacturer, but the cause of those who wish to see new cotton and woolen mills going up, new coal and iron mines opened, and new forges and rolling mills erected ; who want the cheapest goods, constant and increasing employment, a home market for their cotton, their grain, and all the various productions of the earth ; the cause of all who labor with their hands or their brains ; the cause of national prosperity, wealth, power and independence ; all of which would result from shutting out a part of the hundred millions' worth of goods, which we have for the last year imported from England alone.

New arguments in favor of a protective policy can hardly be expected at the present day. The field was long ago not only well reaped but gleaned. Something, however, may perhaps be done toward refreshing the memories of a generation that has grown up since those arguments were used, and who have neither time nor inclination to seek instruction from those who have long since passed away. A large proportion of the young men now engaged in the active pursuit of business, and to whose care our political destinies are in a great degree confided, have little or

no recollection of the palmy days of our prosperity, which followed the Tariff of 1842, or of the act of 1846, by which they were clouded and overcast. A new race of men has come upon the stage, rejoicing in youth, immersed in the present and looking forward to the future, rather than seeking to learn the fading lessons of the past.

A great truth however, like that we have considered, will bear to be repeated ; and, according to the policy of some of our modern parties, should be agitated and kept constantly before the people, agitation being as necessary for success now-a-days as was action to the orator of old. The great contest between Protection and Free Trade has been waging for many years throughout the civilized world. In Europe it has been decided generally in favor of Protection. We alone seem to hold out for Free Trade, and shall probably do so until forced by the direst necessity to change our course, and to learn that the first duty each nation owes to itself is to protect its own manufacturing industry ; thus protecting all who require the best market for their agricultural productions and for their labor, whether as mechanics, operatives, merchants, editors, literary or professional men.

Give us ample protection and we can supply not only our own limited wants, but half the world with our manufactures, thus stimulating every branch of

business, bringing all nations in our debt instead of being in debt to them, and accumulating national wealth to an extent and with a rapidity never yet witnessed in the history of the world. ✓

ERRATA.

Page 94, near the bottom, for "investigating," read "investing"
" 157, " " " " " different," read "difficult."
" 219, 14th line, for "pound," read "yard."







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